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The Week

CHARLES M. SCHWAB is one of America's greatest glad-hand artists, and never did he play his role so successfully as when he appeared before the Senate committee investigating Mr. Shearer. Mr. Schwab announced with a proud flourish that when Shearer was hired by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation and others to go to the Geneva conference (where he did all he could to prevent an agreement between Great Britain and the United States) he, Mr. Schwab, knew nothing about it. If Mr. Schwab didn't know of this highly important action of his company, he ought to be ashamed of himself as a business man —unless, that is, his ignorance was carefully prearranged as is sometimes the case when these malodorous jobs are being done. But in any event, his ignorance or complicity is of no especial importance and we fail to see how he was justified in wasting so much time of the committee telling them what an angel of sweetness and light is Charlie Schwab. After all, Shearer went to Geneva, the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company paid part of what he cost, and the conference went on the rocks. These are the facts on which light is needed, and Schwab's hand-wringing is pure irrelevance. We hope the Senate Committee will refuse to be diverted from the main track.

ONE of the diversions already encountered, and one which is of importance in itself and should be followed up as soon as this can be done without confusing the issue, has to do with propaganda in Washington. It has been revealed that more than $140,000 was spent in 1928 by the ship-building companies to expedite the passage of the present merchant marine act. This act, it will be remembered, gives heavy subsidies to American ships carrying the mails, and also provides a revolving fund of $250,000,000 from the U. S. Treasury to be loaned at low interest rates to ship builders for construction of new vessels. It is no wonder that the builders were interested in getting the bill passed; nor shall we pretend surprise that their lobbying cost a great deal of money. Nevertheless the public has a right to know who got that $140,000 and for what. We know that the ubiquitous Ivy Lee received more than $7,500 of it, and that "hotel expenses" used up $24,000 more. What hotels acquired the $24,000, and for what? And where did the rest of the money go?

THE oral and written statements made by Thomas W. Lamont on behalf of J. P. Morgan and Company regarding hydro-electric power on the St. Lawrence were intended to be reassuring to the public and to some extent they are. J. P. Morgan and Company now control gigantic power resources, valued at about half a billion, in New York State, and they have just added to these, important sites along the St. Lawrence. But Mr. Lamont assures us this does not mean any peril to possible state development of power from the river, or to the Great-Lakes-to-the-Sea canal project. He told the reporters that "neither J. P. Morgan and Company nor, so far as they know, any of the companies in which they have any interest, direct or indirect, have taken any position for or against public or private ownership of the St. Lawrence river water power or the manner of its development. . . . These power companies are abstaining and should con-

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tinue to abstain from intervention in the decision of this question and should loyally coöperate with the decision of the public authorities when that decision has been arrived at." The formal statement goes even further: "If electric energy can, on a sound economic basis, be created from rights owned by the state or federal government that will cheapen the cost of light and energy to the consuming public, we are heartily in favor of this being done as quickly as possible, and we pledge ourselves to assist and coöperate to that end in whatever practical manner may be found to the best interest of all conerned." Such an attitude certainly gives ample ground for negotiations by Governor Roosevelt in furtherance of his general policy, and we hope these negotiations will be undertaken without delay.

THE situation regarding hydro-electric power in the United States today is in many ways analogous to that regarding railroads during the middle decades of the last century. At that time the railroad map of the country was drawn and the important trunk lines were laid down once and for all. This was accomplished by unrestricted private enterprise; roads were built wherever the promoters thought they would be most profitable, and the country has been suffering ever since from the bad job that they made of it. Too many lines were built in some places, too few in others—mistakes which cannot now be rectified without an expenditure so tremendous that it is out of the question. The next decade will see the completion of a similar process in regard to power. Already, the network of giant power transmission lines has been thrown across the country, and once more, there has been but little attention to the ultimate needs of the population or indeed to anything except how to make the largest possible profits in the shortest possible time. It is not merely a question whether the state or federal government can develop power as economically as can private operators in the same territory. In the long run the best interests of the people as a whole may be served by giving service in certain regions before it can be made to pay for itself, or by locating lines, not where they are needed today but where they will be needed ten or twenty years hence. The managers of electric companies have a duty to their stockholders which is paramount; the government has a duty to the people of the whole community.

ON SEPTEMBER 19, it was announced in Bagdad that the British government would support Irak's admission to the League of Nations in 1932. If this announcement is lived up to—and there is at present no reason for believing that it will not be—it means at the very least, a substantial change in the character of British control of the region, and one which should be welcome to the inhabitants. It will go far toward settling one of the most vexed questions left over at the end of the World War. Mesopotamia, inhabited for the most part by Arabs and forming part of Turkey, fell to Great Britain in the famous Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916. The Treaty of Versailles, however, thwarted this attempt at annexation by providing that the Near East should be divided up into Class A Mandates. While such mandates were definitely granted by the League to France in Syria and to Britain in Palestine, a somewhat different regime came into existence in Irak. Here the British government encouraged the establishment of an Arab kingdom under the Emir Feisal, and because of the strong sentiment of independence held by the Emir and his people, the British government and the League did not oblige Irak to accept the ordinary form of mandatory control. Instead, in October, 1922, the British government entered into an alliance with Feisal which provided that Great Britain should be represented in the territory by a High Commissioner, that British advisers should have control over foreign and financial affairs, and that the protection of minorities and the open door should be guaranteed. Great Britain remained responsible for the protection of the country from attack. It promised to work for the admission of Irak into the League of Nations "as soon as possible." The League Council accepted this alliance on condition that the British government report annually to the League as to the measures taken to carry out the alliance.

SINCE then the policy of Great Britain toward Irak has vacillated. Oppressed by the financial burden which control over Irak imposed, the British government signed a protocol in 1923 providing for the termination of the alliance within four years. But within a few months dispute arose between Turkey and Great Britain over the ownership of Mosul, a territory rich in oil. The dispute went to the League Council and the World Court, and the upshot was that it was decided that Mosul should form part of Irak, provided that the British alliance should be extended for twenty-five years or until such time as Irak entered the League. The Turks grudgingly accepted this settlement after having been given certain rights in the Mosul oil fields. Down to the present time there has been friction between the Irak and British authorities over the issue of independence. In 1927, an attempt was made to negotiate a new agreement to replace the 1922 alliance, but without success. With the appointment of Sir Clayton Gilbert, whose recent death is universally mourned in the Near East, a more liberal policy on the part of the British government was adopted. When the Labor government came into power, Sir Clayton urged that immediate action should be taken to secure the admission of Irak into the League—an act which means the technical termination of present British control. Upon the admission of Irak into the League, it is understood that she will gain independence subject to a treaty of alliance, similar perhaps to that under discussion with Egypt, under which the

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British government will retain the right to station troops in stated strategic points in the territory, and will promise to defend the country against outside attack. In this announcement about Irak, Mr. MacDonald has given proof of the sincerity of his recent speech at the League Assembly in regard to the importance of a new understanding between East and West. The admission of Irak into the League is bound to hasten the granting of parliamentary institutions in Syria, a promise which the French made but have failed to keep.

PRESIDENT HOOVER could hardly do less than take up the challenge of Senator Howell, and promise that Washington will be dried up. His demand that the Senator should supply "definite facts, with time and place" regarding violations of the Prohibition law was not quite ingenuous; it is easily possible to know that drinking is going on without having stood by with a stop watch while a bootlegger consummated a sale. If Mr. Hoover is not aware that Washington is very wet, he is the only person in the District of Columbia who is in that condition of innocent ignorance. His attempt at 100 percent enforcement will be watched with the greatest interest. The New Republic does not believe that success is possible in Washington or in any other city where the public sentiment is so overwhelmingly against Prohibition; but it is probably a good thing for the country that the experiment should be tried. We only wish that the inhabitants of the District of Columbia had the vote, and could subsequently register at the polls their guinea-pig feelings about "the noble experiment."

RECENT reports from Gastonia attempt to describe the violence, which still continues there, as having nothing to do with the textile strike as such. It is caused, so they say, by the indignation of patriotic Carolinians against the Communists. It would be as well to take these accounts with a grain of salt. It is typical of the history of almost every important strike that the strikers should be damned for something else than their demands from their employers. Part of the formal routine is now the allegation that the strike leaders are objectionable on personal grounds, and that the strikers will not get a hearing until they somewhere find others and start over. It is safe to say that if the conservative A. F. of L. had led the strike, we should have heard the same complaints. The New Republic disapproves of many of the Communist tactics, particularly in connection with the recent murder trial, but whether one likes the Communists or not the fact remains that the mill workers live in great poverty and work under deplorable conditions. They were justified in seeking to better their position and they are still justified, even though the present attempt may be a failure, and though their radical leaders are now being persecuted by a rabble indistinguishable in character and deeds from the worst of the Ku Klux Klan.

THOSE prophets who heralded a Better World, when Prohibition became the order of the day, may be nonplussed to hear the dictum of Franklin Chase Hoyt, presiding justice of the New York Children's Court. On September 19 the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform sought Justice Hoyt's opinion of the working of the Prohibition amendment. He answered their query, in part, as follows:

> I feel that I am conservative in stating that today more than 50 percent of the neglected children, with whom we have to deal, are brought before our court because of the intemperance of their parents. This percentage, I believe, is just as high, if not higher, than it was when I first became connected with the court a number of years before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. . . . As I have already pointed out, it [Prohibition] has not had the slightest result, in my judgment, in reducing delinquency nor in eliminating the causes of neglect.

This is certainly hitting a mere fraction of an inch above the belt. Prohibition was enacted primarily for the benefit of the poor. Those who support the law today admit ruefully that to drink has become inordinately fashionable in the upper and the middle classes, but cling to the fact that the workingman no longer squanders a week's wages in the saloon of a Saturday night. But if he is not doing that, Justice Hoyt's testimony shows that in New York, at least, he is doing something just as deplorable in its effect upon his family life, and equally connected with inebriation. If Prohibition doesn't benefit the poor, just whom does it aid?

THE periodic outbursts of the censorship disease in Boston must appeal to the imaginations of people interested in the irrational aspects of human behavior in the same fashion that a beautiful and extraordinary case of, say, erysipelas would fascinate a body of medical men. Mayor Nichols has now found that Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" "has no place on a Boston stage." The Mayor read the printed version of the play. The Theater Guild points out that the passages which shocked him are not included in the acting version. But we suspect that had the Theater Guild announced that the play would be given in pantomime, it would have been suppressed just the same. Mayor Nichols was obviously gunning for it. We wonder why? Mr. Nichols is a graduate of Harvard University, a former newspaper man, a member of the Church of New Jerusalem, a Mason and an Elk. These facts do not seem to throw much light on the matter; but the fact that Mr. Nichols is, has been, and presumably intends to be a politician operating in Boston, is in itself illuminating. When a politician goes out of his way to take a firm moral stand, it is a safe bet that he does not intend to lose anything by it. And a Boston mayor who goes out of his way to condemn O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" is, obviously, boosting his stock with two im-

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portant elements—that is to say, the Watch and Ward people and part of the Irish Catholic population. What the Watch and Ward type of mind thinks of Eugene O'Neill should require no elucidation here; at least one section of Catholic opinion, unfortunately, seems to be about on a par. The Catholic Citizen recently quoted "the Catholic Theater movement" as holding that:

> It is an open question, whether one play of O'Neill's does not, in its power for evil, outweigh in consequences a whole series of Broadway productions, rife though they may be with obscenity and profanity.

Mayor Nichols, in declaring that one of the most important plays of the leading American dramatist has no place on a Boston stage, seems merely to have judged Boston with considerable accuracy. The Theater Guild is putting up a fight. But the verdict as to whether His Honor is wrong or right rests nowhere but with the people of Boston.

THE functions of Charles E. Wood, who is called Commissioner of Conciliation in the Labor Department, would seem to call for some definition. A recent article in the New York Evening World describes him as writing to various employers in Brooklyn encouraging them to break their contracts with the Shoe Workers' Union on the ground that Fred G. Biedenkapp, the secretary, is "an alien and a Communist, out on bail on an indictment charging conspiracy in Massachusetts." The letter is an example of the fact that hatred of Communism and Soviet Russia produces an astigmatism which characterizes all government officials, from the Secretary of State down. They simply cannot see straight. In the case of an official whose business is conciliation, however, this shortcoming should be fatal. Mr. Wood alleges that "Biedenkapp is a very active enemy of our form of government." Perhaps he is, but that does not excuse a government conciliator for counseling employers to break a contract with a union.

Can Armaments be Reduced?

MR. HOOVER and Mr. MacDonald have done excellent work in approaching one of the goals which lay before them—an agreement so to limit cruiser construction that further competition in naval building between the United States and Great Britain cannot occur. The final achievement of this end will, if it follows, be of first-rate importance, and should not be minimized by disappointment at other aspects of the agreement. Nevertheless, it is true that the other goal so forcefully stated by Ambassador Gibson and Mr. Hoover before the negotiations began—the actual reduction of naval forces and naval expenditure—lies farther away than ever, at least as far as the United States is concerned. The present proposal will necessitate our building 165,250 tons of new cruisers, to be divided among eight-inch-gun and six-inch-gun vessels in a proportion as yet undecided. This involves the construction of 15,250 tons more than were specified in the 1929 act authorizing the fifteen cruisers, a program on which work was held up by Mr. Hoover pending the result of the present negotiations.

This outcome does not take The New Republic by surprise. Indeed, it seems to have been wellnigh inevitable, under the circumstances. The discussion of a limitation agreement has proceeded, not on the basis of a preliminary understanding as to how the respective fleets would be utilized if there ever were a war, but on the assumption, on the part of the American naval authorities and public, that we must at all events achieve "parity" with the British. On this basis, the first task was to influence the British admiralty and public opinion to accede to theoretical parity—something which, apparently, they were not really ready to do in the Geneva conference of 1927. Our fifteen-cruiser program helped in this direction, because it showed we seriously intended to build. The election of the Labor government, with its restraining influence on the British admiralty, also helped. The next task was to reduce that elusive conception, "parity," to some concrete formula upon which agreement could be reached. "Yardsticks" of various sorts were undoubtedly tried, but after all, they were merely mechanical devices which could not bridge over the wide gap between a large British cruiser tonnage and the much smaller tonnage of the United States. The British have, in the recent negotiations, consented to reduce their tonnage far below the minimum they previously demanded. But it was a foregone conclusion that, without any firmer basis of world understanding as to the use of naval forces in time of possible war, the British would not reduce their fleet enough so that we could achieve parity, no matter how parity might be defined, without much new building on our part.

Even to gain the goal which is now in sight may prove to be a difficult matter. For the size of the British cruiser fleet depends in great measure upon the size of the French and Italian fleets. The present French naval program calls for cruiser building to the substantial amount of 210,000 tons, or almost two-thirds of the total allotted to the British under the new understanding with the United States. Will the French consent to abate this program sufficiently to bring their tonnage back to the old relationship with the formerly contemplated British tonnage? Will Britain ratify her understanding with us, if France does not so consent? France believes she needs a larger navy than Italy, but Italy demands parity with France. Limiting cruiser construction in these circumstances reminds us of the House that Jack Built.

The task before the five-power conference, moreover, is not one merely of reasonable persuasion and the application of mechanical formulas, any more than was the task of the Anglo-American

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negotiators. Here again naval policy, and military policy too, lies close behind the scenes, prompting the actors in a distinctly audible whisper. There are signs that the French are worried lest the seas be dominated by Anglo-American power. If the British strength is reduced, the American strength is considerably increased. The total fighting and policing capacity of the two fleets will be scarcely less than before the agreement. When sea power was thought of chiefly as a British attribute, France was restive about it, and not only attempted to balance it with land power, but also insisted upon a large submarine quota as a counter-threat. But if there is any chance that an undefined policy of naval coöperation is to develop between Great Britain and America, France will be still more disturbed. Especially so, following the obvious shift in British attitude, which is drifting away from the *entente cordiale,* and toward more coöperation with the United States. There has been too much loose talk about England and America combining to police the seas in behalf of peace—as Anglo-Americans may conceive peace—to suit France. Hence the French insistence that acceptance of the Anglo-American formula at the five-power naval conference is not to be taken for granted, that the whole movement must be subordinated to the League program of considering disarmament by sea, land and air.

Before we have finished, we may discover that our effort to agree with Great Britain on cruiser limitation is held up by a failure of Great Britain to agree with France upon arms limitation, not only on the ocean but on land as well. France will hold all the more tenaciously to her armies and reserves, as well as to her large submarine program, if she is persuaded to give way on cruisers. It will, in all probability, be her policy not to allow arms limitation to proceed in separate sections—except as regards obsolete weapons like battleships—but to bargain with one form of limitation against another form, to maintain or enhance her military strength as much as she can by such a process. In so far as she succeeds in throwing open the whole question, limitation will be delayed. Even if cruiser limitation can be achieved on the basis of the Hoover-MacDonald understanding, it will be a long time before we are able to proceed farther—to actual reduction.

There are only two main lines of strategy by which the disarmament movement may hope to make progress. One is to carry farther the method already begun in the negotiations between MacDonald and Hoover—to isolate the various categories and to deal with them one by one, in a practical spirit, overlooking more fundamental questions. This method has already revealed its defects, but it has a definite usefulness and should be pushed as far as it will go. If it can succeed, well and good. But if, on account of the underlying complexities of the situation, this method should encounter insurmountable obstacles, the only other method is to consider frankly the basic difficulties of military and naval policy. It is to reach international agreement on such questions as, under what circumstances and for what purposes sea power is to be used, how the doctrine of "freedom of the seas" is to be modified, what work there can possibly be for land armies. It is to proceed with a liquidation of the unfortunate consequences of the Versailles treaty, which make necessary in Europe the threat of force. It is to build increasingly efficient instrumentalities not merely for the adjustment of critical disputes, but for the removal of the main causes of conflict. All this is a long and arduous process. But, in the end it may prove that nations will not go far towards reducing their armaments until they are thoroughly reassured that those armaments can have no legitimate employment. Disarmament, desirable as it is, is but one aspect, and a relatively minor aspect, of the struggle to build a peaceful world.

The Rosenwald Museum

A SUBURBAN parent the other day remarked that his son, a young modern of three, although he tosses off such phenomena as large dogs, rabbits, and thunderstorms with charming *savoir faire,* goes into a panic of weeping when a suburban motor trip is interrupted momentarily by such an event as engine trouble or a flat tire. No doubt most of us —the suburban parent certainly—can render a satisfactory account in terms of cause and effect, of such a thing as a flat tire. But what if the electric ice box suddenly ceases to function, or a dynamo in the power house stops? Then, if the parent can get to Chicago, he will be wise to take himself and his son direct to the Rosenwald Industrial Museum, where all such things will be made to stand and deliver their secrets. The work on this extraordinary institution began this summer; and in five years, it is hoped, it will be ready to be opened to the public. Not only will it be an industrial museum in the conventional sense of the term, containing specimens of all the important mechanical devices and discoveries from Watt's steam engine to the chemical apparatus by which sugar is synthesized out of gases, but it will in most cases show those devices actually at work. Locomotives will puff, dynamos will revolve, and television, dioramas, reduced models will set the whole industrial machinery going before your eyes.

It is planned, moreover, to extend the scope of the museum beyond this. In the words of Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert, director of the museum, "One after another the great inventions will be taken up, first to be explained technically, and then to be socially and economically integrated with their time." In other words, the institution will address itself to the immense job of telling us not only how the machines work, but what they mean in our lives. Mr. Kaempffert is himself a brilliant expositor of the mysteries of industrial and mechanical pro-

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cesses; and the article in which he stakes out the plan of the museum, published in The Scientific Monthly, is full of interesting suggestions. It has, too, a little of the scientific enthusiast's tendency to assume that the fact, for example, that Elizabethans went home through the mud lighted by links boys, whereas we go home in Buicks over macadam roads and are dazzled by headlights, is significant in itself; unfortunately, in itself it means nothing.

Certainly there is no more important question in our time, and none which more insistently demands to be considered, than this matter of finding out what these machines do mean. Whether the Rosenwald Industrial Museum hits close or wide of the mark will depend, we would say, upon whether, along with the engines and the test tubes, the critical spirit is taken into the building.

Dictatorship in Cuba

DESPITE his elaborate inauguration last May for a second presidential term, General Gerardo Machado of Cuba lives a troubled existence. The most recent and perhaps most extreme indictment of his regime is contained in a resolution which was supposed (but erroneously, according to Senator Borah) to be under consideration by the American Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations. The preamble of this resolution states that President Machado has assassinated three hundred of his enemies and driven four thousand others into exile; it charges him with the suppression of opposition and the illegal control of elections, with the result that "an autocratic military dictatorship now is in complete control of the government and the destiny of its three and one-half million peoples." Because of the extravagance of the present regime and the consequent political unrest, the resolution asserts, the inhabitants are bound to revolt, "inevitably entailing the loss of life and the destruction of property, of both Cubans and Americans, thus again compelling the military intervention of the United States." The resolution asks that the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations investigate whether or not the Cuban people are being fully protected under the Platt amendment, and what further action is necessary to protect Cubans and Americans in their persons and in their property. So concerned is the Senate committee about the Cuban situation that it held up the approval of Harry Guggenheim as the new ambassador, on the ground that, in view of present conditions, the United States should be represented in Havana by a man with greater experience in public affairs.

There is no doubt but that the fundamental charges made in the proposed Senate resolution are true, as has been indicated in several articles in The New Republic in the last eighteen months. Machado repeatedly promised to retire from office in 1929, but he has now been reëlected to serve until 1935. He has achieved this result after the manner of all dictators—by suppressing opposition by force. The American business interests in Cuba who profit from his regime are giving him the customary eulogies; but the people of Cuba daily become more restless. The one justification of dictatorship might be economic progress, but Cuba continues to languish in economic depression.

Although it is true that the Machado regime has suppressed the liberties of the Cuban people, we fear the Senators in Washington are not so much interested in Cuban welfare as in the claims of certain Americans against the Machado regime. The most important of these is that of Mr. J. E. Barlow. Mr. Barlow is an elderly and cantankerous real estate operator who has carried on a development business in Havana for the last twenty-five years. In 1922 he acquired title, which a court of judgment of 1917 had pronounced sound, to the Mangler properties in Havana valued at more than $5,000,000. The validity of his deed was soon challenged by a prominent Cuban, Gomez Mena, who declared that the Mangler properties really formed part of the so-called El Ponton farm, of which he was the owner. Gomez Mena attempted to induce the Cuban courts, upon three or four occasions, to upset Barlow's title, only to fail each time. Meanwhile, Barlow remained in occupation of the property. In 1924, however, Gomez Mena conceived the brilliant idea of forming a corporation with some members of the Cuban Congress, who, by the constitution, are immune from arrest. This corporation trumped up a charge against the guard maintained by Barlow on the properties, and had him marched off to jail. The corporation then seized the property and has remained in occupation ever since. Part of the property is now being exploited by President Machado's son-in-law. In June, 1928, Gomez Mena brought another action in the courts to quash Barlow's title, but again failed. Barlow has repeatedly attempted to get the government to drive off the trespassers and restore the property to him. But the government has done nothing—presumably, because of the congressional immunity argument. Last December the Committee on Foreign Relations of the American Senate held hearings and came to the conclusion that the Barlow claim was justified and that Barlow had been denied justice. President Machado increased the indignation of Washington when this August he allowed Barlow to be imprisoned while on a visit to Havana.

It is evident that many Senators are angry at the treatment which Barlow has received, and their feeling may well be warranted. Nevertheless the interference of the Senate in the protection of American property interests abroad sets a bad precedent. The State Department of the United States maintains a corps of solicitors to examine the validity of claims. In the past, the Department has been charged with being too undiscriminating and belligerent in pressing such claims upon

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foreign governments. It is possible that, because of the personal ill-will that existed between Secretary Kellogg and Mr. Barlow, the State Department did not give to the Barlow claim sympathetic examination. But if the Senate is to assume that every claimant who fails to enlist the support of the State Department may appeal to its Committee on Foreign Relations, the chief result will be that this committee will be deluged with appeals for protection and that the State Department will be forced, by political pressure, to prosecute claims of dubious legal standing. The solution of the Barlow claim, assuming that Mr. Barlow has exhausted local remedies, lies in arbitration, and not in senatorial reports.

We have more sympathy with the argument of some Senators that because of the Platt amendment the United States has an especial responsibility for the internal affairs of Cuba. As we pointed out in an editorial on May 15 of this year, the United States, under the Platt amendment, has consistently opposed all attempts at revolution in Cuba and whenever such revolutions have occurred it has invariably come to the aid of the government in power, no matter how unscrupulous or corrupt that government might be. The Platt amendment, as interpreted by the State Department in the past, has simply underwritten tyranny. It is now argued that if the Platt amendment forbids the people of Cuba to correct evils by force, the United States has the duty of seeing to it that the government, kept in power by American influence, rests upon a popular basis and is free from grave abuses. Supporters of this view believe that following the precedent set in Nicaragua, the United States should serve notice on Machado that it intends to supervise a presidential election in Cuba.

The New Republic has pointed out before that the Platt amendment, as applied in the past, has placed the United States in an intolerable situation. We do not for a moment minimize the crimes of which the Machado regime has been guilty. We are convinced, however, from a study of our intervention policy in the past, that outside interference in the internal affairs of Cuba cannot achieve any permanent good. Democracy cannot be imposed upon the Cuban people from without; it can only be the result of internal, spontaneous development. However lofty our motives might be, American intervention in Cuba would bring down upon our heads a storm of criticism from the outside world as well as the hatred of a large part of the Cuban people.

What, then, is the solution of the Cuban situation? The only fundamentally satisfactory solution will be found in the repeal of the Platt amendment and the adoption of a policy of non-interference in all Cuban affairs. If the Cuban people wish to revolt against President Machado or any other dictator, they should be allowed to do so, as far as the United States is concerned. The United States should not interfere in such a revolution except possibly to protect American lives from imminent loss. The Cuban people should be given the same right to work out their destinies as the American, British, French and other peoples have enjoyed.

There are legal and political reasons why the Platt amendment will cause more embarrassment to us in the future than in the past. It is embodied in a treaty to which Cuba and the United States both are parties. This treaty provides that under certain circumstances, the United States may intervene in Cuba. In the past, differences of opinion have existed between the Cuban and American governments as to whether or not these circumstances actually existed. Under the principle of compulsory arbitration, which a great part of the world is coming to adopt, and which the United States government accepted in the Pan-American arbitration treaty of 1929, differences over the application or interpretation of a treaty are to be submitted to arbitration. Is the United States prepared to submit the question whether or not to intervene in Cuba, to an international court? If we should attempt to intervene in Cuba to oust the Machado government, there is no doubt, moreover, that Machado would appeal for aid to the League of Nations, of which Cuba is a member. While the League would take no concrete action against the United States, ill-will against us would arise throughout the world.

From the political standpoint, it is well to point out that an international tide of resentment against imperialism is rising. England has announced that independence is to be given to Egypt and Irak, and following the report of the Simon commission, India is destined to receive a greater measure of self-government. At one time the United States was at the fore of the anti-imperialistic movement. But today we seem more than ever determined to hold the Philippines and Porto Rico, and we show no signs of terminating our illegal government in Haiti or withdrawing the marines who are still in Nicaragua. If we would avoid being at the tail of a procession which once we led, we shall have to act decisively and soon.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The League Revives

A LITTLE behind those less respectable creations of the War, the German and the Russian constitutions, the League of Nations is celebrating at this Assembly its tenth anniversary. The reckoning is somewhat misleading. If we were to refer to the dial which counts only the sunny hours, we should have to strike out the last five years from our account. These were the years when Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cushendun appeared with a distressing punctuality at all its sittings, to deliver a stereotyped speech, in which they proclaimed their mission to apply a brake to the headlong progress of constructive peace. In effect they vetoed every advance, for nothing in the League can go forward unless France and England are agreed. The impossible has happened at this Assembly: one seems to be watching the medieval miracle of the Pope's rod which budded. The two rivals are agreed: they even join in friendly emulation to advance the work of the League. The dial registers the hours again, and in this one short month of September there will be more progress to record than in the five dreary years which preceded it.

This cordiality, after Mr. Snowden's performance at the Hague, may have come as a surprise to the American observer. His is an original, even an improbable personality, and it is unlikely that his example of rough and graceless nationalism will be followed by his colleagues. Even after this dangerous demonstration that nationalism is popular, the Labor Party cannot forget its historic role. The Cabinet was by no means so unanimous in support of Mr. Snowden as his admirers in the press pretended, and it was significant that all but one of the leading weekly papers were critics of his methods. To understand this episode, one must carry one's memory back to an evening on the eve of the general election, when Mr. Snowden, whose health and temper are uncertain, rose in a more than usually irascible mood, to attack Mr. Churchill. The speech was unpremeditated, and in a discussion of allied debts, the orator slipped into some phrases of an amazing and scandalous violence. France had "bilked" her creditors: the Balfour Note was a "criminal" document: the agreements over the debts ought to be "repudiated." Nothing would have come of this outburst, had not Mr. Churchill and the Tories made the odd mistake of supposing that the average elector would be shocked by it. On the contrary he enjoyed it. So it happened that this duel between the rival Chancellors played a certain part in the elections, and when Mr. Snowden found himself in office, he was bound to show himself in action a sturdier guardian of the nation's purse than the redoubtable Mr. Churchill had been. His is a headstrong character, which goes its own way with little consideration for the opinion of his colleagues. He is much the ablest debater in the party, but he has no experience whatever of international intercourse. The result was the painful performance at the Hague, which so nearly wrecked the Young Plan, and so nearly delayed the evacuation of the Rhineland. It is certainly true that liberal opinion in England wishes to emancipate our foreign policy from any quasi-alliance with France. Some of us, indeed, suspected the late government of unavowed military commitments. But no intelligent man in the Labor Party can wish to burden our foreign policy with the consequences of a feud with France, which would frustrate any advance towards the reconstruction of Europe. It was the task, therefore, of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson to stage the Labor party at Geneva in a wholly different role. They are citizens of the world: they believe in collaboration with our neighbors, nor have they been infected by Mr. Snowden's peculiar conception of manners. Thanks to them, Geneva remembered all that the Hague meant for the appeasement of Europe, and forgot its threat to friendly relations between the two western powers.

One might spend many pages in recording the advance which this Assembly will certainly register, but a short and breathless chronicle may convey the impressions of a spectator more accurately. The tempo of international life in Europe has changed beyond recognition. As I sat in the Assembly's gallery, I found myself recalling an inscription which adorns a fundamentalist church in New York: "Jesus is in this place: anything may happen." So, too, at Geneva one felt that anything might happen —even the United States of Europe. It was miraculous, after the long years of impotence which Tory England imposed on the League, to hear the British Prime Minister coming forward with a promise to sign, before the session closes, the "Optional Clause," which brings every justiciable dispute under the jurisdiction of the League's Court. With that announcement a sort of auction began. France would do as much, but she would go further still. She would also sign, as soon as her Chamber can give its assent, the so-called "General Act." This is a far-reaching document, which describes the procedure to be followed in every kind of dispute, political as well as legal, whether arbitration, conciliation or litigation. It was a disappointment that the British delegation could not publicly give the same pledge, for it figured in our program at the elections. The reason is that the government wishes,

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in this matter also, to carry the Dominions with it, and they might have resented an announcement over a question on which they have not yet been consulted. But in fact we shall adhere to this "General Act" about as promptly as the French. As the week went on, the other powers, great and little, rushed forward to follow the lead of England and France, and with the significant exception of Poland, Europe is now committed to obligatory arbitration in all future justiciable disputes. That means much more than a mere demonstration for the applause of the galleries in pacifist Geneva. It will mean, to take one salient example, that the old technique of governing Egypt by ultimatums and warships is by this promise ended. Egypt has only to give this pledge herself, as she too joins the League, and the disparity of force between herself and the British Empire will cease to matter. At last "the reign of law," for whose sake, if one could believe Mr. Asquith, we entered the Great War, will have begun.

But the British delegation had yet another surprise for the Assembly, when Mr. Henderson proposed a revision of the League's Covenant to bring it into literal conformity with the Kellogg Pact. For my own part I cannot share the popular American belief that the Pact is, in general, an advance upon the Covenant. In its vagueness, in the interpretations which accompanied it, and in its lack of any machinery or procedure for the peaceful settlement of disputes, it even marked a retrogression. But in one vital matter it did unquestionably show an advance. The Covenant is, from first to last, a limitation of the ancient right of the sovereign state to make war (including wars of alleged self-defense) at its own discretion. But it does not absolutely abolish the right to make war. It even seems, in two articles, to permit it, after the prescribed period of delay, if (1) a recalcitrant state should fail to give effect to an award, and (2) if the League's Council should fail in a political dispute to make a unanimous recommendation for a settlement. Mr. Henderson, who is the sort of Foreign Secretary, honest, open and clear-sighted, that every democracy would desire, proposes, by omitting a few words, to make an end of this toleration of war. The French hastened to support him, and in the atmosphere which reigns at Geneva, his success is probable, unless indeed the German fear should be realized that the attempt to amend the Covenant at one weak point may give rise to other and riskier proposals for change. Two consequences of the first importance should follow. The abolition of the legality of any and every "private war" ought to have its effect upon armaments. For the eventuality of those tolerated wars under Articles 12 and 15, every admiralty and every war office was bound to prepare. Henceforth no loyal member of the League can ever find himself at war without the League's support. The value of that support Mr. Henderson (to the scandal of our nationalist Chancellor), has enhanced, by announcing our support for the convention which organizes financial assistance for any member subjected to aggression. Again, if and when it seems prudent for Washington and London to discuss the rights of neutrals at sea, the problem will have been greatly simplified by this banning of "private war," for with it go all belligerent rights, save when a state is, in the League's opinion, after conformity with all its requirements, defending, not itself alone, but the law of the society of nations.

To this League, which has regained the use of its own limbs, M. Briand has opened out the possibility of yet another advance. His speech at the Assembly, in which he spoke of the need of special "federal ties" for Europe, seemed deliberately reticent and vague, nor does one gather that he was more precise at his luncheon for the European delegations. One had expected a great and persuasive oration in defense of this adventurous idea, but this caution has in fact created the impression that the French government is bent on action. M. Briand's friends tell me, however, that as yet he has no detailed plan. His is a mind which improvises a tactic, when it can observe the movements and tendencies of others. As European thought crystallizes, M. Briand will adjust himself. The reply on the whole has been positive and friendly, and one partisan of the idea, M. Stresemann, manifestly knows his own mind. A policy for Europe on which France and Germany could agree ought to have a future, even if English opinion should continue to be cold. Any political federation which would deserve the name of the United States of Europe lies, if anywhere, in the far distant future, but an economic association, which might work out a common tariff policy, has entered the realm of the possible. If so much as this could be attained, more would certainly follow—a continental currency, a common plan of railway development, and some approximation of commercial legislation and of standards of labor.

The idea prevails in England that American opinion must needs be hostile to any suggestion of European unity, and this, among other reasons, is a chief ground for the opposition which is developing. Perhaps I exaggerate my own familiarity with American thought, but I feel certain that this fear is baseless. Human nature relishes the flattery of imitation. It may be true that alarm over the continual increase of the American tariff has helped to beget a wish for unity in Europe. But the real explanation is rather more creditable to the good sense of the Old World. Never has Europe been so conscious of its relative poverty as in these post-war years. It understands that any development of mass-production on the American scale demands an open market of a comparable size. Only in such a market is Mr. Ford a possible phenomenon: in Belgium or in Austria he would be less thinkable than the Centaur. We are ripe for these ideas since the growth of such vast organizations as the European Steel Cartel rendered economic national-

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ism obsolete. There is, moreover, among sane Europeans a measure of disgust and shame at the folly of the peace settlement, which broke up two large economic units, the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Empires, to put in their place a Balkan-like chaos of pigmy republics, each with its tariff and its separate railway system. Long before M. Briand spoke, the League had tried to prepare a general lowering of tariffs, though with small success.

One might pile difficulty on difficulty, and doubt on doubt. Can countries like Poland, which have begun to develop a national industry, go back to agriculture as their sole source of livelihood? Are the older industries of Switzerland, Belgium and Czechoslovakia ready to enter French or German combinations, against which they could not, in free competition, survive? The English economist raises difficulties of another order. He sees no virtue in the continental unit. Why, he asks, if you desire an association of mutual free trade, should you exclude the people of any hemisphere? Thinking with the sea for his horizon, he ignores the obscure physical attraction of the continuous landscape. He forgets that even in their economic thinking men are influenced by the pull of a common history and a common culture. For twenty centuries, in war if not in peace, in heresy if not in faith, under Roman Empire or Roman Church, for Napoleon or against him, on one side or the other of the Kaiser's trenches, Europeans have suffered and thought together. It is such an experience, if we believe Mazzini, which makes nationality. It is indispensable if one would build a federation.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Geneva.

Militarist Bait for Students

IN the days before students were also cadets, pretty co-eds honorary colonels, and university professors army officers; before the War Department was privileged to determine which academic institutions were "distinguished" and which were not, military training was imposed only in land-grant colleges. Established by a bill passed during the Civil War, these state universities are required to offer courses in agriculture, the mechanical arts, and military tactics. But since students in land-grant colleges are not compelled to take the courses in agriculture or the mechanical arts—many of them, in fact, devoting themselves exclusively to the liberal arts—pacifists maintain that they are likewise not obligated to master military tactics. The War Department has always regarded this point of view as heretical, and even though the Interior Department ruled, in 1923, that the University of Wisconsin, a land-grant college, had acted within the law in making military training optional, the War Department has not been convinced. Nor have its obedient agents, the executives in these patriotic institutions.

Hence, in 1916, and again in 1920, when a belated war-fever burned, the military authorities, capitalizing their privileges in the land-grant colleges, persuaded Congress to extend their *entrée* to other campuses. By the National Defense Acts of 1916 and 1920, they were authorized to appoint their instructors on any campus that would keep them. And, thanks to our patriotic educators, the bearers of glory are now ensconced, through Reserve Officers' Training Corps units, in 130 colleges and in the high schools of fifty-five cities. Indeed, our custodians of wisdom were so impressed by the glitter of the army that they consented to an educational ritual in which the sword is mightier than the pen.

The college catalogues for the coming school year, 1929-30, reveal that, in many universities, the chairs of honor once held by the Muses are now glistening with the trappings of Mars, and the halo once encircling the pursuit of Truth now gleams on the helmet of Military Science. "It is the military training more than any other single feature," announces the Clemson College catalogue, "that gives our graduates an advantage which is an important factor in their future progress and success." "Military Science," declares the University of Oklahoma, "furnishes excellent material for intellectual development and character building." "It has a distinctive educational value," adds Creighton, a Jesuit school. Penn State endorses it because "R. O. T. C. graduates become professional associates of the prominent men of the country," and North Carolina informs us that "among other numerous advantages, military training fosters discipline, the lack of which is the greatest weakness of America today. Habits of courtesy," it says, in a flight of imagination, "especially to elderly persons, dignified bearing, and a manly deportment are formed, and promptness and reliability in meeting engagements." The University of Florida, and Georgetown, the college for churchmen, stress even more significant benefits. "A study of our military history," states Florida, "shows that many lives have been sacrificed in the past because of the scarcity of officers capable of leading men in combat." Pious Georgetown preaches seven lessons of the World War, among which are:

1. That the education of the modern citizen, to be complete, must include a knowledge of Military Science and Tactics.

2. That every subject taught in any collegiate department possesses some military value.

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3. That military subjects can be so arranged as materially to enrich the academic courses.

4. That every college man should be taught the respect for authority.

To put these noble sentiments into practice, college curricula have often been juggled to include a Military Department even at the expense of others. The University of Maine gives more than five pages of its catalogue to Military Science, and dismisses History with a page and a half. Mississippi A. and M. College offers twenty-four courses in Military Science, at good academic credit, to four in History. The traditional college faculty of intellectualists has been supplemented with brawny apostles from the Army. Yale has nineteen; Harvard, twenty-one; Cornell, forty-two; and the University of Illinois, where the War Department seems to have an annex, sixty-five. In some schools "cutting" military classes invites dismissal; in others, intercollegiate shooting is regarded as a minor sport; and in many, Scabbard and Blade, the honorary R. O. T. C. fraternity, has more prestige than Phi Beta Kappa. Knox College prides itself on a military library and a military laboratory; Dayton, a Christian university, is proud to say that "all the latest military publications are furnished the student for his use"; and pious Georgetown boasts that "the latest army motion pictures are available for instruction in military subjects." The B. S. in Military Science is now conferred, and some college commencements feature the presentation of commissions instead of diplomas—for example, at the University of Wyoming—or officers' sabers instead of academic honors—at Oklahoma A. and M. Learning is cutting strange capers when, opening a college catalogue, we read:

> Military Training 6 (University of Maine): the 37 mm. Gun and 3 in. Trench Mortar. Theoretical knowledge of the capabilities of the weapon, care and cleaning, mechanism, technique, combat principles. Practical application with a view to preparation of student for firing at camp. Instruction to cover the determination of fire data, methods and means of fire control, fire orders, field stripping and assembling, going into action and out of action.

The government, to be sure, foots the bills for this military splurge, and it may be sound business judgment that prompts the patriotism of some of our educational boards. Consider the material inducements that the colleges get. About 2,000 government horses are now prancing on college campuses to advertise military training. Uncle Sam's gift of eighty-eight steeds to Princeton enabled that university to revive the expensive sport of polo, which had declined there, alas, several years ago. A love for music and the War Department induces our government to supply any R. O. T. C. institution with instruments for a forty-eight-piece band and a leader to boot. "An excellent opportunity to secure musical training," comments Georgetown in its catalogue, "without expense to the student." A school that can't afford an expert football coach need but drum up an R. O. T. C. unit, and the War Department's shipment of instructors will include one. Ask the University of Montana: it knows. Nobody could accuse Uncle Sam of denying his scholarly little nephew another gallery range or machine gun. He spends $115,086.94 each year on the R. O. T. C unit at the University of Illinois alone, exclusive of the permanent equipment valued at $580,341.14, and the salary of the army instructors, $152,122.86.

Winning over the executives of our colleges is only one means of gathering in the adolescent students. Since military training is elective in forty-five of the 130 colleges, and in thirty-five of the fifty-five cities that have R. O. T. C. units, the army missionaries must also provide direct decoys for the students—or the boys won't drop their Platos and baseballs and run out to shoot. A commission in the Officers' Reserve, the reward of an R. O. T. C. graduate, may have glamor, but many poor students need money. Hence, when the military scientists hold up $200 before his eyes for advanced study in their subject, and a summer at a citizens' military training camp with seventy cents a day besides expenses, the lad seizes a rifle. A new bait is now being worked out which finances a student in his senior year if he sandwiches it between three months at camp and nine months in the regular army. These students, forming a "Munitions Battalion," would be trained for Procurement, a plan discussed in a previous article.

The vanity of the students is touched by smart, individually-fitted uniforms—not the $4.25 service suits worn by the doughboys in France, but trim $20 and $30 outfits, for elementary and advanced students respectively, which give dash to the dullest boy. When the members of the House Committee on Appropriations attempted to reduce the cost of the college regalia in the 1929 bill, Major General Summerall, Chief of Staff, declared: "A proper uniform will go further than any one thing toward popularizing the R. O. T. C." His allies, the presidents of the Universities of Illinois and Minnesota, echoed: "The loss in strength of our advanced course, as a result of the reduction, may run from 40 to 50 percent."

But the most effective device of the army instructors has been the injection of sex appeal into the military ballyhoo. What the officers and the uniform and the money and the horses can't do, pretty girls will. At many schools, the most popular co-ed is made sponsor of the R. O. T. C. Alluring in a snugly-fitting uniform, the little "Honorary Colonel," as she is called, accompanies the officers on their tours of inspection. She participates in all their ceremonies, builds up interest in the corps, and wears the medals won by her unit. What boy would risk her disapproval by meeting her scrutiny

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without a button or with a grease spot? What yearning youth, whom she has never glanced at, would not jump into khaki to come under her gaze? "With so pretty a colonel," smiled General Summerall, reviewing the cadets at Creighton University, "it is no wonder the Creighton R. O. T. C. is such a well drilled unit." Newspapers display her picture under such captions as "Oh, it's great to be a soldier when the officers are so nice looking!" and "Who wouldn't take orders from her?" One honorary colonel appeared in the newspapers of twenty-one states. She gets the popularity, the militarists get the boys, and Uncle Sam gets the bill. A press description of a review follows:

> The battalion and company officers were ordered front and center, to be confronted by a line of girls equal in number to the cadet officers. There was an instant of salute, and each officer claimed his sponsor and proudly led her to his unit, where she took her place with as much precision as her escort. The companies and battalions greeted their sponsors with a round of applause.

At the annual military ball, in a martial setting with lighting effects that simulate modern warfare, the honorary colonel is the belle. "The dancers paused a moment in the midst of festivities," ran the account of the University of Nebraska's military ball, "the spotlight was thrown on a curtain, the curtain parted and the honorary colonel stepped forth to lead the grand march." Other compensations awarded her and her staff for advertising the R. O. T. C. are the use of the rifle range, and the attention of the army instructors in their leisure moments. The girls are eager to perfect their marksmanship, and the khaki instructors cannot be expected to frown at them. "We pay officers to train men for battle," said Congressman Collins of Mississippi on the floor of the House, "and they spend their time playing around with co-ed marksmen, and the government supplies the ammunition."

Such is the pageant the War Department is staging in the name of higher education and patriotism. Texts have been designed with a suitable military philosophy. "Obedience," states the official primer, "is the first and last duty of a soldier." "Our Military Policy," by Lieutenant-Colonel Bond, is a treasure of primitiveness. Although unofficial, it is widely used, 500 copies having been absorbed at the University of Illinois in sixteen months. "The schemes of the pacifists," it points out, "are impractical because all of them disregard human law and human nature. They refuse to recognize force as the ultimate power and they decline to accept human nature as God ordained it." A rare sermon on preparedness follows:

> In the War of 1812, by our inability decisively to defeat our adversary, we lost the chance to add the entire Dominion of Canada to our possessions. In the Mexican War, being prepared sufficiently to defeat a feeble adversary, we were rewarded by the gift of the vast and fabulously wealthy empire of the Southwest.

Junior military training is sold to high-school boys by much the same fanfare. Furnishing ushers, flag squads, and the band for occasions, the junior R. O. T. C. becomes indispensable to the school. Its parades, "three miles long, thrill thousands," particularly the youngsters on the sidewalks who are waiting to be old enough to march in the spotlight, too. Prominent army officers make rousing addresses, newspapers offer prizes, local theater managers treat to free performances, and fair sponsors send flowers. What natural boy could resist? Or not be shamed by such a placard as hung in the corridor of the Washington (D. C.) Business High School: "Don't Be a Slacker, Be a Cadet"? The importance of the military conquest of the young has been aptly put by Major William F. Edwards:

> The high school boy in his sophomore year is in his most plastic and enthusiastic age. He is at the age of hero worship and idealism, unblighted by the cynicism of later youth. Once fairly launched upon enthusiasm for the R. O. T. C. he will most certainly continue it, either at college or elsewhere.

But, alas, such subversive forces as the Committee on Militarism in Education have been at work, and rumbles have been heard. Nearly 2,000 Cornellians some time ago signed a petition to make military training optional, and more than forty universities have done so. Columbia and the University of North Carolina have abolished it. Traitors have even arisen within the ranks, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Herman J. Koehler, for example, who had this to say about the argument that military training is good physical training:

> The use of the musket as a means of physical development for any one, be he man or boy, is more than worthless. It is, in my opinion, positively injurious. I deny absolutely that military drill contains one worthy feature which cannot be duplicated in every well regulated gymnasium in the country today.

Each rumble of protest, however, is promptly drowned out by a blast of trumpets. Rumbles will have to grow into roars before our sturdy militarists can be intimidated. They have the upper hand now, and dissenters are duly punished. Grumblers at City College, in New York, and at the University of Minnesota, were suspended. Elsewhere they were silenced or threatened. When legislative hearings were held on military training in the University of Nebraska, the national secretary of the organization of Reserve Officers dispatched a letter and a copy of the proceedings to every officer in the state; and, with the coöperation of the American Legion, the pacifists were defeated. "If any member," wrote the secretary, "hears of a coming visit of a 'liberal' speaker in a school or college where there is military training, advise National Headquarters."

DUFF GILFOND.

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From a Mill-Town Jail

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S "Dark Laughter," two pipes, plenty of tobacco—and I can forget that I am lodged in the city jail at Elizabethton, Tennessee—that is, if I turn my back on the evil-looking and foul-smelling bedding, and can generate enough smoke to overcome the odors that lurk in the walls streaked with tobacco juice.

I am in jail as the result of a talk I made last night before a "law and order" meeting at the Chamber of Commerce.

Seated on the edge of the prison bunk, I have plenty of time to think. My education has moved rapidly since I left New York five days ago. The lessons of the past twenty-four hours have been most confusing, and I am almost glad to be in jail, because of the quiet opportunity it affords to think about this new turn in my education.

In the jail, at least, there are few interruptions. In a near-by cell a young chap is spelling out, word for word, a letter from his wife: "If—you—had—listened—to—me—you—would—not—be—in—jail—you—sure—done—me—wrong—I—ain't—coming—back—to—you—till—you—quit—drinking. . . ."

I had a vision of the world tomorrow, when men would seriously apply the ethics of Jesus to a rational ordering of society, and to industry in particular, a vision of the kingdom of God on earth. There had been the hope that the southland, known for its gentler ways of living and now entering upon the initial stages of a great industrial development, would be a pioneer in this spiritualizing of industry.

With the desire to learn at first-hand how my native southland was handling the situation, I had started from New York five days before, using my summer vacation to make a tour of a few of the southern mill villages. My lessons thus far prompted only a depressed feeling and a dark picture of the future.

Yesterday in the Elizabethton daily paper there were the usual society notices, but not one word about the strike involving five thousand workers—a third of the population—in a life-and-death struggle. On the front page, however, was the announcement of an open meeting, at the Chamber of Commerce, to organize a league for the better enforcement of the law.

This "law and order" meeting, with its consequences, was to provide the most difficult lesson, up to that time, in my entire career as a student. At eight o'clock, about one hundred business and professional men had gathered in the Chamber of Commerce rooms. There were a few desultory remarks about the enforcement of prohibition and a higher standard of public morals.

It was soon evident, however, that the real business of the evening was, "What can we do with these agitators?" In all of the speeches, which lasted until midnight, there was little or no humor. Men spoke with tense voices. But applause and laughter greeted a doctor when he said, "Now, at last, we have got you preachers where we can use you." Turning to one of the ministers present, he asked, "Did they send machine-guns with missionaries to China?" Just what bearing on the situation this information had was never made plain by the speaker. In tones that quivered with emotion a Sunday School superintendent gave vent to his feelings. He used as an illustration an episode in north Georgia where, he said, a man was found one morning put to death. Across his breast were the words, "in statu quo." This was interpreted as meaning, "I'm in a hell of a fix." A hotel man said that the occasion was one for prayer. This sounded like good advice to a theological student, but the speaker was in disrepute with the audience, for he was shouted down before he could conclude his remarks. He was answered by the next speaker, a Presbyterian minister, and a handsome man, with a well placed voice which one expected to hear give approval to the hotel man's advice, to advocate peace, moderation, to say, "Come, let us reason together." But he said, "The time for prayer is past; when the devil is in your midst, fire upon him." It is unbelievable that he intended his words to strike home as they did, but certainly they were of no avail in stemming the tide of emotion that dominated the meeting. From eight until midnight, these impassioned speeches continued.

It was easy to sympathize with these business men. Three months before, their city had been a thriving, prosperous community. The establishing of two huge rayon mills had been the impetus for boom times. Their city had been selected by President Hoover as the one southern city in which to make a campaign speech. The future was golden—until the strike came. Three months of bitter hurling of invectives on both sides, defiant girls walking the streets, dynamiting of water mains, business depression for all, ruin for some. One could pardon them for the intense emotion with which they spoke. But during the evening not one word was said about the injustice of women working ten hours a day for $8.90 a week, about the wage slavery from which the workers were revolting. Which were these men more concerned about: their own losses, or the life-and-death struggle of these five thousand workers?

At this point I asked for the floor. I explained my presence as a student interested in the application of the ethics of Jesus to industry. I spoke of

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the emphasis, in the teachings of the Prince of Peace, on the sacredness of personalities. Applied to this situation, it meant that human values must be considered above all others. It was a calm, dispassionate statement, spoken with a smile. My training as a student had not prepared me for its effect. I was cross-examined until my life history had been told, without allaying their suspicions. That a student should make a trip at his own expense from New York to Tennessee merely in the interest of his education was incomprehensible to men for whom profit is the only legitimate incentive for the expenditure of time and effort. They must have taken me for a spy, a Red, perhaps a "dangerous agitator." At any rate, following adjournment, I was threatened with personal violence.

The next day, having decided that I had received all of the lessons that Elizabethton offered for the advancement of my education, I started on the road to Asheville. About three miles from town, as I was riding beside a friendly farmer, a party of "law and order" citizens, filling several automobiles, swooped down upon me and carried me off to jail. Looking back at that moment, I cannot suppress a smile, as I remember how large the farmer's eyes were when they laid hold of his passenger's arm and said, "Young man, consider yourself under arrest." No doubt that farmer is spoiled forever as a prospective host of hitch-hikers.

That this gang of men, come to arrest the dangerous student, had no warrant, were outside the city limits, could not show a badge of authority, were unable to tell me with what I was charged, and refused me permission to call a lawyer or to communicate with anyone else for several hours, did not worry these members of the league to encourage "better observance of law."

Later in the day a warrant was read me, charging me with "aiding and abetting in the murder of the chief of police of Gastonia." It was of no consequence that the only time I had been in Gastonia had been four years before.

I hold no ill-will against the men who have been the cause of my arrest. In fact, I feel indebted to them for this valuable part of my education. But, frankly, as I smoke my pipe, seated on the edge of my iron bunk, I am depressed and confused. Before me appears a vision of those young workers with toothpick arms and underfed bodies; of that young father with whom I talked, eating out his heart for a life that seems closed to mill workers forever, a life of books, music, conversation, culture; I hear voices speaking with fierce passion; I see a princely figure of a carpenter blessing his fellow workers with outstretched hand, and saying, "I am come that ye might have life, and that more abundantly."

Yes, I need more time to think of these things. I am grateful that the young fellow in the neighboring cell has finished reading his wife's letter. At least, within the jail, there is peace and quiet.

JAMES A. DOMBROWSKI.

Washington Notes

ONE OF THE few forecasts concerning the Hoover Cabinet that has turned out even measurably true was that it would be to a large extent a one-man Cabinet and that he would be the man. On practically everything else the astute and erudite "corps of correspondents" was close to 100 percent wrong. They unanimously agreed upon the unfortunate and still slightly embittered Donovan for Secretary of War. They were eighty miles away from guessing the Attorney-General. They never had heard of Robert Lamont. The name of the Secretary of the Navy was tipped off by a Boston sports writer. The others were almost a complete surprise. The only two things the prophets, either journalistic or political, had right were the retention of the aged Mr. Mellon, which Mr. Hoover purposely let be understood in advance, and the above-mentioned fact that he would dominate his selections, this latter being of such obviousness it could not be missed. Everybody knew that he would and it is no news, therefore, to say that he does. It is interesting, however, to point out that the member of the Cabinet whom he most completely blankets is the Hon. Henry L. Stimson, picked for Secretary of State on the recommendation of those two noble pillars of the party, the Hon. Mr. Hughes and the Hon. Mr. Root, and described as a "strong and dominant" personality.

Perhaps he was, in New York and in the Philippines, but not in Washington—at least not now. Here in Washington, despite the conscientious and painstaking efforts of the President not to give him the appearance of being wholly submerged, that is fast becoming Mr. Stimson's recognized condition. He is not going to be a great Secretary of State. For one reason, because he is not going to have the chance—but there are other reasons. For instance, it is generally recognized that two rather important people in Washington know considerably more about his job than he does. One happens to be his Chief in the White House, Mr. Hoover; the other his Under-secretary in the State Department, Mr. Cotton. Between them, it is perfectly clear that "Our Harry," as some of his New York friends jeeringly refer to him, is not, as has been said, going to make a particularly good record for himself as director of our foreign affairs. On the other hand, he is certainly not going to make a bad one. They will not let him. It is beginning to be recognized by the closer observers that Mr. Stimson has by no means the force he was supposed to have and is not really "carrying the ball" in the department. Further it is recalled that he was not exactly a heavyweight in the Roosevelt Cabinet, in which he served for a time. He is correct and concise, with a fine orderly mind and, of course, unblemished character. He has, too, in addition to most of the Coolidgean virtues, that of courage.

It is not meant to suggest here that he is a weak man, but that he is not the type in his line. He is a natural follower when he thinks he has a good leader. Far too intelligent to follow a poor one and much too righteous to follow a bad one, when he finds one whom he can respect both for ability and character he gladly "goes along." That

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is what he is doing now and that is why Mr. Hoover finds him an exceedingly satisfactory Secretary of State, one in whom he has perfect confidence and who can carry out his ideas with gratifying competency and understanding. His friends say that Mr. Stimson sees "eye to eye" with Mr. Hoover on every foreign problem. It is a safe bet that he will continue to do so, but he is also going to stay contentedly submerged at the same time. There is no better illustration of his submersion than the part he is playing in the naval negotiations with Great Britain. It is completely a minor and a messenger part—and so recognized. The man who is doing the negotiating for the government is the man in the White House, which is perhaps about the way it should be—though it would not be, were Mr. Stimson's sponsor, Mr. Hughes, in his position.

Speaking of the man in the White House, some of his friends are growing slightly apprehensive lest the naval negotiations occupy his massive mind to such an extent that he will let the tariff situation, which should be fairly easy to control, get out of his hands. As I have previously pointed out in this place, the Hoover strategic position is a strong one and the chances are that he will either get a bill reasonably near his desires—at least one he can defend as being in line with his expressed recommendation for "limited revision"—or no bill at all. However, he is being advised by his more or less astute political advisers that he should give expression to his views. Their point—and it seems a good one—is that if he continues silent until the finish of the fight and then has to veto a bad bill he will be criticized, and not without justice, for not having previously made it plain that he would do so. Moreover, it is urged, by an emphatic restatement of his position he could strengthen himself with the people, slow down and discourage the offensive tariff lobbyists who are responsible for the present shape of the bill, assert and establish himself as the party leader, and probably avoid the necessity of a veto. This course has been particularly urged upon the President since the formation of the Pacific bloc of lumber and shingle Senators, who have helped to confuse further the already confused Senate situation and make the old log-rolling, back-scratching game easier for the Reed-Moses-Bingham-Watson group which has the bill in charge.

My personal Secret Service reports that Mr. Hoover resists this advice, though he does not resent it. It may be that before this piece is printed he will have spoken, but it is not likely. His view seems to be, first, that it is not timely to speak before definite indication has been given of the ability of the high-tariff group to pass their bill and that there is no sense in denunciation until the thing to be denounced is perfectly clear. The point he makes is that he has already expressed his views on the tariff, that it is known where he stands, that the responsibility for the passage of the bill belongs to Congress, that his responsibility will come after its passage when he has to determine whether to sign or not to sign. If this correctly represents the Hoover attitude on this subject—and I think it does—it seems to me, with all due respect, that it is neither as sincere nor as sound as it should be.

In the first place, the bill as proposed by the regulars of his party certainly clashes with his recommendations to an extent that would justify denunciation from him. It is anything but what he asked for or wants. Its passage would damage him, damage his party and damage the country. It is all very well to hope that it will be unnecessary to speak, that the Senate itself will rewrite the bill, or that, the House rejecting it, it will be rewritten in conference. The fact remains, however, that a reiteration of his views with particular application to the bill as it stands, will greatly facilitate the changes he wants. It would put an end to the situation where one set of Senators is claiming he will sign the bill and another set that he will not.

As to the second point, said to be made by Mr. Hoover in meeting the arguments that a tariff statement from him is needed, it is, I think, sufficient to point out that he did not feel that way when the debenture plan was put up in the Senate during the farm-bill fight. At that time there was no talk from Mr. Hoover as to the "responsibility" being on Congress and his responsibility occurring only after Congress acted. At that time he denounced the debenture plan so thoroughly before the Senate had really begun to consider it and before he could possibly know whether it would pass or not, that there was no doubt at all about what he would do if it were put up to him. The results of that denunciation were so satisfactory from his standpoint that it is difficult to see why he hesitates to pursue the same tactics with the tariff. Certainly, in view of his debenture blast, this talk about his "responsibility" being after Congress has finally acted and not before, does not hold water. He cannot "get by" with this pose of believing the executive should not interfere with the legislative branch. Every executive has to interfere, or the legislative branch runs away with him. Soon or late, Herbert will have to speak out again on the tariff, and if he makes it very much later, the Democratic-Progressive coalition will be justified in maintaining he did not do so until they made him.

Washington. T. R. B.

Three Things

"O cruel death give three things back,"
Sang a bone upon the shore;
"A child found all a child can lack
Whether of pleasure or of rest
Upon the abundance of my breast";
A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind.

"Three dear things that women know"
Sang a bone upon the shore
"A man if I but held him so
When my body was alive
Found all the pleasure that life gave";
A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind.

"The third thing that I think of yet"
Sang a bone upon the shore,
"Is that morning when I met
Face to face my rightful man
And did after stretch and yawn";
A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind.

W. B. YEATS.

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Lady Byron

THE purpose of Miss Mayne's book,[1] and certainly that of this review, is not involved very greatly with the famous Byron mystery, the scandal of the separation, and of Byron's relations with his half-sister. It is, rather, a matter of a personality, the history of a strong and fated nature and of a woman's life that was mysterious and baffling to the world, and largely so by her own choice and her loyalty to Byron and deep concern about her daughter.

But books go on being published in which this basic item in Byron's troubled affair with the woman he married is denied. And without the foundation of this fact no discussion of Lady Byron—our present subject—will make any sense. At the time it was only natural that Byron's partisans should either deny or act on ignorance of the facts concerning the separation, and doubly so since Lady Byron herself was so reticent, and only to her lawyers at the first and then to a few individuals—more of them as she grew older—gave out any information. But to bother over denying these facts now at this day and time, as happens somewhere in print almost every year—the Byron essay in Henry Van Dyke's "The Man behind the Mask" is the latest example, a most nauseous one—does seem strange indeed. It becomes natural only when we remember that fixed determination among so many of our own race at least to have our moral cake and eat it too; we refuse to believe that the author of the poetry that gives us pleasure and edification was morally involved in things we feel ourselves bound to abhor. For general readers, who know little of the details of Byron's life, the case is different. For writers on Byron the facts have for some time been clear enough, though never simple. It is now some time since Lord Lovelace, Byron's grandson by his daughter, Ada, published "Astarte," based on documents that make up the history of Byron's relations with Augusta Leigh, his half-sister, and the same history was continued in "Ralph, Earl of Lovelace: a Memoir," (1920) by his widow, Mary, Countess of Lovelace.

These documents involved were mainly the two important narratives of Lady Byron's married life, written by her during and soon after the separation proceedings, for the strictly confidential use of her lawyers, two distinguished men of their profession, who found her testimony entirely authoritative. The purpose of these documents was to state the grounds on which she could no longer live with her husband, and the grounds for the proceedings by which her child was made a ward in Chancery. Later in life she wrote reminiscences, freer and more emotional, but wholly consistent with these earlier formal statements. These later accounts are freer because of the fact that she no longer had to fear arousing Byron's hostility or the possibility of her child's being taken from her and put under the care of Mrs. Leigh, for a time an almost insupportable dread.

Augusta was the daughter of Byron's father by his first marriage, with the Marchioness of Carmarthen, only child and heiress of the Earl of Holderness, and in her own right Baroness Conyers. She died at Augusta's birth in 1784. The child lived with her grandmother until the latter's death in 1802, at which time Byron, born in 1788, seems first to have become acquainted with his sister. Augusta married in 1807 her first cousin, Colonel Leigh, who brought her every sort of unhappiness. He was a friend of the Prince Regent's and was granted apartments in St. James's Palace, where Augusta lived till her death. Defenders of Byron spoke of her as unattractive to look at, "dowdy-goody" was what Lady Shelley called her; but her pictures show a woman of unusual beauty, the high forehead, the soft, dark, brown hair, the fine eyes and aristocratic poise of the head on its lovely neck. She was "affectionate, childish, ready to laugh at anything," she seemed "ingenuous, but full of sophistries and graceful expedients, her moral sense summed up in the principle that so long as nobody was made unhappy, one might do as one liked." Her voice, like Byron's, was beautiful and persuasive. She had considerable religious interest, was always in debt, possessed a flood of warm and gushing words in letters and conversation, and was to a great many people sympathetic to the last degree. At sixteen Byron, as she said, was devoted to her, then there was an estrangement, and later renewed affection. The full tide of their intimacy was in 1813, when she was twenty-nine. In April, 1814, her child and Byron's, Medora, was born, and Byron, alluding to the medieval superstition about a child of incest, wrote to his friend, Lady Melbourne, that it was "not an ape," and in another letter, "you, or rather I, have done my A. much injustice. . . . She was not to blame, one-thousandth part in comparison. She was not aware of her own peril until it was too late."

In this quite remarkable book of Miss Mayne's we have the account of that little child of the Milbankes', their one adored darling, and see already those qualities that the girl later and then the woman was to go on analyzing and brooding upon all her life. "That indwelling fervid feeling," the passionate devotion to one she loved, combined with the fear of "intruding," the strong emotions and strong sensibility, the self-centered world into which she could withdraw, the absorption in an ideal of perfection that exacted so much from others and from herself. We see her then in London, by no means a country young lady but moving in the highest fashionable and aristocratic circles, through her many connections but most through her father's sister, the famous Lady Melbourne of Byron's letters, mother of Queen Victoria's minister. During her first season, to which she warmed but slowly and rigorously, she has many suitors, in her own right and in the light of her prospects as the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke and Lord Wentworth's heiress. In her second season she has become the fashion, she is now eighteen, and there are more suitors than ever. "Mankind bow before me," she writes home, "and womankind think me somebody. But without jest I am certain that I am better liked in company, probably because I am stronger and more able to exert myself in scenes of dissipation." This is the time of Hayter's miniature. It is what they used to call a snub face, one that might not have seemed so beautiful to Byron as piquante. The eyes are fine, the brow also, the hair superb, the lips clear but rather tight, the whole face

[1] "The Life and Letters of Anne Isabella Lady Noel Byron," by Ethel Colburn Mayne, with an Introduction and Epilogue by Mary, Countess of Lovelace. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 501 pages. $5.

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humorless, proud, spoiled and self-assured but intense and prophetic of disaster; it has already, I should say, something of that implacability that Byron and others encountered and that, as much as anything else, helped to destroy her. In figure she was small and perfectly formed. Byron was also the fashion, and in that March of 1812, with all the line of dismissed suitors—some of them much in love with her—forgotten, Annabella Milbanke, after hearing much of him and the new poem, read "Childe Harold," and wrote in her diary: "It contains many stanzas in the best style of poetry. He is rather too much of a mannerist, he wants variety in the turns of his expression. He excels most in the delineation of deep feeling, and in reflections relative to human nature"—she herself had written essays and poems that had been praised by her father.

The next morning after this entry she saw Byron at a waltzing party—waltzing was the craze and scandal of that season—and recorded in her diary that his mouth bore continually the acrimony of his spirit. She furthermore judged him sincere, always trying to hide his vehemence and sarcasm, partial to music. He was the center of attention and the women were indeed putting themselves in the way of his satire. She had sought no introduction to him, thinking that "inoffensiveness was the most secure conduct, as I am not desirous of a place in his lays. Besides I cannot worship talents that are unconnected with the love of man, nor be captivated by that genius which is barren of blessings—so I made no offering at the shrine of Childe Harold, though I shall not refuse the acquaintance if it comes my way." The style, of course, is partly the period, but in the conflicts, self-illusion, propriety of sentiment, attraction and concern of that entry we can imagine ourselves reading all that followed in this long life that was to torture and judge and record itself, year in and year out, around this one subject.

In October of that year Byron made Miss Milbanke a formal proposal of marriage and was rejected. Meanwhile the affair with Lady Caroline Lamb, forced on him, was giving him much worry, and there were other affairs as well, for as he said, his affections always lighted on the nearest perch. But most of all he was himself desperate and alarmed over his relations with Augusta; and Lady Melbourne, his friend and confidante, agreed in urging marriage as a way to cut himself off from his present life. Augusta, who adored him and was weak in his hands, also wanted him to marry; she preferred the love between them to be of another nature. Several young ladies were considered. Lady Melbourne, in spite of the fact that Miss Milbanke was her brother's child, seems to have done what she could to push Byron into a second proposal. All this time the correspondence between Annabella and Byron had kept up, however irregularly, Lady Melbourne seeing many of the letters, and he must very soon have perceived that Miss Milbanke had no intention of letting him vanish from her life, despite that endless labyrinth of words in which, all her life, she wound herself and wrecked the channels of her expression and release. There was much hesitation on his side, even after his second proposal and acceptance and visit to the Milbanke family, and some strange behavior on her lover's part that might well have warned Annabella of what might follow.

We read then the story of that incredible honeymoon, Byron's conduct in the carriage and the first night and all the three weeks. He tried evidently to take out on this girl of twenty the wrongs and torments in his own mind, threw out hints of his secret and remorse, dramatized himself and this remorse and sin, reproached her for not having accepted him two years before and so saved him from himself, threatened her life, swore to drive her from him once he had an heir. There follows the visit to Augusta's house, when she refused herself to him, then the life in London, when Augusta came to stay with them and was even begged to remain for a protection to the wife. Then the birth of her child and Annabella's departure to her parent's house, telling no one but the two lawyers the terrible thing in her mind. The doctors declared Byron not insane, which was her last hope, for if he could have loved her and if she had felt that she could be of any good to him, she would have stayed on with him, in spite of what had happened before their marriage. Then comes that letter, still affectionate, pet names and all, that she wrote to him from the country, that has been such a contention among Byron's defenders and hers, but that came only out of this last hope—he might be deranged at the moment and she might yet be some "good to him."

There begins now what is the most interesting and significant part of this biography. Byron, safe in the knowledge of her refusal to make public the secret and possessed of a kind of demonic knowledge of her love for him, attacked his wife in his poetry, as the world knows; and this is only the beginning of those terrible reopenings of the wound that were to happen all through her life. She had promised him to be a friend to Augusta, and, until years had shown her at her own expense every weakness that this woman had, and her own tried and embittered memory had blinded her to Augusta's warm if superficial virtues, she continued to defend and support her, often with money. At one time she did the same for Medora Leigh, whose life, condoned by Augusta for a while, even to the extent of an affair with her sister's husband—she bore him children—went as low as could be. We read of those other friendships and loyalties, tightened by her own power to arouse intense affection and glowing for a while, but nearly always in the end breaking down in pain and separation; she assured them of her friendship but could not see them again. As time passed she talked with more people about this inmost thing that forever consumed her, one of them Robertson, the celebrated preacher, who left an unfinished record of all this when he died, and one of them the Mrs. Stowe who had written "Uncle Toms' Cabin," and who in reply to an inquiry as to where she had found out all that about life in the South when she had never been there, had said that she did not have to go, she just knew it. She returned home and, breaking her promise of secrecy to Lady Byron, wrote an old fool's meddling book that opened the subject in America and must have made its readers jump in their seats.

Annabella is at last an old woman, she has lived in house after house, and traveled on the Continent without ever finding any peace, she has worked for educational reforms, given her money liberally, her love, her courage, and now at last, at four o'clock in the morning of May 16, 1860, as we find in her grand-daughter's letter, she dies—"My darling suffered very much, except the few hours be-

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fore the end. The end was in sleep, which passed into the sleep of death—gently and calmly." That too was like her life, this terrible suffering, followed by the calm of some death in herself wrought by her implacable will.

About Byron Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne writes as well as anyone; on the whole her account, in this book and in her biography of Byron, is the best to be found. The Byron fascination and mystery remain nearly the same as they have always been; we can only do what we can with the help of the letters and journals and poems. About Byron's relation to his wife Miss Mayne does better than I had expected, and I have decided that this is because she is dealing with an instance where there was never really on Byron's side any element of passion involved. He was impressed by this woman's indestructible "perfection," he saw her confusions, her character, he was haunted by her strength to stand out against him at the last, obsessed with his loss of her, and shaken with the memory of softer moments and fuller confidences that had been between them at times, and of trustworthiness, and he knew that never in all her life would she be free from the pain of her memories of these gentler things and of the passion she had had for him. This Miss Mayne conveys superbly. Of his relation to women otherwise one has only to read her account in that most unequal and sometimes brilliant book, "Enchanters of Men," of the Countess Guiccioli, with whom Byron lived the last five years of his life—the only woman who had lasted in that experiment—to see how foolish and confused Miss Mayne can show herself. The Countess Guiccioli's ample curves and Venetian bosom, the golden, rich hair, the brilliant teeth and long lashes seem to prove conclusively that she knew nothing at all about Byron, and quite bored him. It is all summed up, we are told, in that remark of the Countess's, many years after, in which she speaks of "poor" Byron's being so fond of someone. "There is something about that epithet that explains La Guiccioli in a flash." This at best would be a great subtlety for most of us, but in the light of the fact that any Italian speaking of someone dead indicates it by saying "poor" so-and-so, "my poor father," Miss Mayne's deduction becomes pure mystery and spleen. Lady Byron, of all Byron's relations with women, was, happily for us, best suited to the talents of this biographer.

Byron in marrying had hoped to find a woman strong enough to support or control him, strong enough, in fact, to save him from his own nature and his past life. Annabella sacrificed herself to him and disciplined herself. Her one desire was to be of use to him, to redeem his inmost being from wrong and from destroying bitterness, to be patient, necessary and, more perhaps than even she could know, dear to him. But this was only another way of maintaining her own inmost self, she remained implacable, impossible and solitary, a being against whom Byron could cast himself as he cast himself against the idea of God, against his Calvinistic forebodings and the uncertainties of his own mind. It is along such lines that this history of Lady Byron becomes one of the most dismaying and tragic books that I have ever read.

In the theater the old *commedia* especially and some of the Russians, there are what are called *grotesques,* characters—as with the Charlie of the Chaplin films—whose inside is mocked by their outside, whose particular combination of soul and mask is a grotesque irony. Lady Byron is a sort of spiritual grotesque. In her there was this mask, inflexible, imaginatively dead, deriving from her final and most essential nature and fixed by the circumstances of her early life and education, and beneath this mask the intensity of feeling, the proud egotism—"she has more humility than I have," she wrote, in one of her early letters—the sensitivity so delicate and so overriden with the dictionary, the ability to be silent and at the same time be tortured, the passionate fixity, the longing for love—what she would most have wished for in life? they asked her once when she was old: "to love and to be loved." And in those late years she wrote also: "Even now I feel that the remembrance of bitterness may wear out, but the remembrance of those few softer moments will to the end remain—'as springs in deserts found.'" The forces that drove Byron and immortalized and destroyed him are more magnificent, but those that drove her are no less strong and terrible.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Prohibition and Social Necessity

SIR: Are the cases of "Antigone," of Anti-Slavery (Fugitive Slave Law) and of Anti-prohibition cited by Mr. Chapman, in your issue of September 11, analogous cases? I wonder. The case of Antigone and of those who obeyed the Fugitive Slave law are genuine cases of the individual conscience against the established law of the land.

We sympathize with Antigone because the law she broke was the decree of one man only; the punishment was extreme and irrational, and we judge Kreon, the King, to have been a tyrant.

In the case of Anti-Slavery it was the enlightened conscience—at first of a few men—which finally judged the holding of slaves to be wrong and which led to the great tragedy of the Civil War.

If we make *emotion* the guide of our actions, our acts may be right, but they may be wrong. Reason and judgment must be the final court of appeal. As Professor Whitehead says in his latest book: "In the conditions of modern life the rule is absolute, the race which does not value trained intelligence is doomed."

What are, after all, in our day "the sanctities of heaven"? For this, I take it, is the vital point in this question of prohibition.

It is the awakening social consciousness which judges prohibition to be necessary. A new factor enters in a machine age, but leaving this point on one side, let us turn to the social aspects of the case. I need only quote Miss Jane Addams, who is closer than almost anyone to the social problems involved in this experiment.

In the Epworth Herald, Miss Addams is quoted as saying: "Here around Hull House we used to watch whiskey and beer being left at the saloons by the drayload. The poverty and suffering from drink were appalling. There is such a difference now that it seems like another world. Our poor are moving into better places. The whole standard of life is rising with them. Drinking has decreased, and so has our work of rehabilitating families wrecked through intemperance. We have hardly any squalid homes or neglected families to deal with. I would not see the old system again for anything."

Antigone and the abolitionists were ready to pay the penalty of their acts. The anti-prohibitionists to my mind are nearer to the slave owners than they are to those who disobeyed the fugitive slave law—conservatives, they cling to the idols of the past. They are not asked to offer their blood for the remission of their sins (encouraging bootleggers and lawlessness), but only to sacrifice a little personal liberty and pleasure.

ANNIE L. SEARS.

North East Harbor, Me.

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A Champion of the Wood Pulps

SIR: Alvin Barclay's article, "Magazines for Morons," doesn't exactly invite discussion. It leaves no apparent ground for anyone to stand on in offering refutation.

The kind of exposition indulged in by Mr. Barclay is one which seems to offer a temptation to certain types of writers and conversationalists, when under the pressure of intense feeling. Those who might disagree are classified as incompetent so early in the discussion that opposition is precluded.

It is only fair to the tone of Mr. Barclay's criticism, if we may so classify the article in question, to answer it by the baldest and most personal contradiction.

Doubtless there is a wide distinction between one and another of the "wood-pulp magazines." But Mr. Barclay does not avail himself of the safeguards which such discrimination would provide him in the discussion, nor does he care to avoid the injuries which might be unfairly inflicted on others by the failure to make such discriminations. He sets down his proposition thus: "A wood-pulp magazine is one of the most diluted forms of pabulum obtainable in America today."

He mentions the fact that one of these wood-pulp magazines has been the favorite recreation of Roosevelt, Wilson, and Hoover. If Mr. Barclay will consider the viewpoint of the well informed reader, it must surely be evident to him that his caption necessarily stands out in contrast to this admission concerning our three most intelligent Presidents. When he considers also that these three witnesses do not stand out alone, but that a long list could probably be made up from the roster of "Who's Who," it must surely come home to him that it is impossible to establish any such proposition as he has set forth in his caption.

With no interest in Smith and Street or any angle of the wood-pulp publication business, other than the interest felt by an appreciative reader, I wish to bear testimony to the extraordinary charm and unfailing appeal of at least one of the "Westerns." I know the West intimately and by horny-handed contact. By way of answering Mr. Barclay's statement that "many" of the writers for the "Westerns" have never been west of Pennsylvania, I wish to record that the chief charm of this particular magazine for me is the discovery in its pages of that "pertaining sense of detail," that "facty" quality, which H. G. Wells has recently attributed to Tolstoy as his one saving virtue, and which he names as a characteristic of all great books. Does Mr. Barclay himself know the West? I believe that those who love my own favorite among the "wood-pulp magazines" most heartily, are people to whom the sights and sounds and odors of the desert and the mountains are either daily facts or memories.

Besides this tang of reality, I think that the majority of stories admitted to my favorite magazine command respect for strength and variety of plot; for originality and challenge of character study; for resourcefulness and genuineness of humor; for incisiveness, range and nobility of diction and expression.

I have turned from this particular magazine to one of the "slick-paper periodicals," and attempted a Western yarn by one of our most famous plottists, and although intrigued by the plot, have been unable to finish the story because of the want of that sense of detail and of true literary quality. Again, I have laid aside my favorite "Western" and tried to read Hugo, and have been so bored by verbosity that I had to quit at the fourth page.

The fact of which I am surest is that at least one of the Westerns is above the heads of most of the people of the United States for two reasons: (1) Complete appreciation of any literary work depends on physiological factors. If the reader has had no parallel sensations, the author must be limited by his reader's lack of experience. The lack of a western background on the part of the reader must cause him to miss the most inspired contributions of the better Westerns. (2) Not only the physiological basis, but the ethical background must be somewhat lacking in the case of most readers, because after all it is true that the western ethic is a reality, and it can't be gotten in all its scope without a taste of western friendships under *realistic* western conditions.

Chicago, Ill. JOHN F. BUSHNELL.

Rural Districts in State Legislatures

SIR: Because of the increasing congestion of population in urban centers, proper reapportionment of representation in the state legislatures becomes more and more difficult. If the urban centers are allotted the proportional number of representatives to which they are justly entitled, either the legislature must become more unwieldy than ever, or the representation of the rural districts must be spread thin. This is one, though, of course, not the most important reason for the prevailing discrimination against the urban districts.

The difficulty may be easily resolved and discrimination avoided through a provision for some multiple voting in the legislature. The urban districts already have enough members to insure a proper hearing of their varied interests. Their interests would, therefore, be sufficiently protected in an arrangement that would, instead of increasing proportionately their number of representatives, allot to the representatives now assigned them proportionately increased voting power.

There is good precedent for this, besides good reason. Voting stock is the most familiar instance. The Republican part of the Committee on Committees of the House of Representatives furnishes another. All the states with Republican representation are entitled to one delegate each, and a delegate casts as many votes in the committee as there are Republican representatives from his state. The same principle appears in the uneven voting power of members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of New York City.

JAMES D. BARNETT.

University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

Protestants and Prohibition

SIR: People never know when they have good cause to be grateful. Alice Warren should thank her God on her knees that there is no such thing as an Anti-Saloon League dominating the Catholic Church and its clergy. How many Protestants of deep religious feelings and wants are now practically barred from their churches? They find themselves put before the disagreeable choice of either, through their church attendance, endorsing a semi-political body, that has not even the faintest resemblance to the Christian doctrine of brotherly love and divine forgiveness, or staying out of church life entirely. You may ask: "Can't the subject of prohibition be discussed in an intelligent manner by intelligent people?" No, it cannot. If you don't endorse the entire crude procedure of "Prohibition for the Poor" with all its ignorance and errors, you are a "rumhound," and if you happen to be a minister, "off goes your head," as Protestant ministers with courage and brains enough to oppose the Anti-Saloon League must of necessity be moral lepers, for, if they were not moral lepers, they would not oppose the Anti-Saloon League. There is your logic.

My little nine-year-old daughter comes home from her Quaker Church, that outwardly looks so peaceful and Christ-like in its simplicity, and my sister asks her: "Well, what Bible text did you have in church today?" "Oh," answers the youngster, looking supremely disgusted, "Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey!"

We now have millions of what might be termed "pseudo-drys" in the United States. They have learned to drink like gentlemen and drink only when and where it is absolutely safe. They also go to church and support the Anti-Saloon League. They never get in trouble because, living in glass houses, they don't throw any stones. Millions of American Protestants have become moral cowards by that process and may God have pity on them and the nation they are a part of. Is there no Martin Luther anywhere in the Protestant clergy? A great cleaning of the Protestant Temple and cleaners of godly courage are badly needed, unless we all want to become humbugs.

In accordance with old and sacred tradition applying to Catholics, Protestants and Mrs. Alice Warren, what we hear in the pulpit is the "Voice of the Servant of God," properly ordained to His High Office, and not the voices of paid, semi-political orators.

Pittsburgh, Pa. JOHN N. KOLL.

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A Victorian Lady

Alice Meynell, A Memoir, by Viola Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 354 pages. $5.

THIS memoir of Alice Meynell is a beautiful book because it reveals, intimately and generously, a beautiful life—one that was thoroughly and nobly English in its quality. Alice Meynell cared supremely for the best things in her national tradition, especially in its poetry. She loved the English language, and used it in prose and verse, reverently and eloquently. She made the difficult adjustment of the modern Englishwoman between the demands of a career and a home. She was a busy journalist as well as poet, a breadwinner, a distinguished member of the craft of letters, the center of rich and, it must be thought, often exacting friendships; and yet she held closely her own, as daughter, wife and mother. Throughout her long life, amid changes that we look back upon as marking epochs—the romantic Mid-Victorian, the serious Late Victorian, the revolting Nineties, the Edwardian and the Georgian—she retained a singular stability and integrity. She was sympathetic to changing ages, as to many people, but to them all she never was anything but her perfect self. And nowhere does she show English character more naturally than in two circumstances which we often think of as alien to it—her belief in the Catholic Church and her sense of artistry in life. They were indeed closely united in the deepest part of her personality.

The story of Alice Meynell begins, appropriately enough, with Dickens. He and his friend, Thomas James Thompson, met in 1844, at Liverpool, a charming girl and brilliant pianist, Christiana Weller. She must have possessed the magnetism which her daughter inherited, for Dickens wrote to his friend in a mood oddly anticipatory of that which Alice was to excite: "Good God, what a madman I should seem if the incredible feeling I have conceived for that girl could be made plain to anyone." It was Thompson whom Christiana married, and with their two little girls they spent many years in Italy, living the life of a roving English family, impelled by the somewhat desultory connoisseurship of the father. If in her unconscious inheritance it was her mother who counted most, Alice Meynell found her formative influences in Italy and her father. Of him she wrote in words that may be applied to herself: "How should he not have loved a life that his living made honorable? How should he not have loved all arts, in which his choice was delicate, liberal, instructed, studious, docile, austere?"

In 1864, the Thompsons settled in England, first at Bonchurch, then at Henley on the Thames, but there were frequent returns to Italy. The older daughter, Elizabeth, won great distinction as a painter; Alice became known to a small circle as a poet. In 1875 her early poems were published under the title "Preludes," and brought to her a young Catholic journalist, Wilfrid Meynell, whom she married. For many years they lived in London, editing The Weekly Register and Merry England, besides contributing to other periodicals. Mrs. Meynell's fugitive essays and poems were gathered into successive volumes, and are now published in a collected edition by Scribner's. In 1901 she made a journey to America, lecturing in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago and other places, where her gracious presence is still remembered. Later the Meynells settled in Sussex near their friend Wilfrid Blunt. Wherever they lived, however, it was a home—a home for eight children amid all the distractions of the journalistic workshop, and the coming and going of people of importance—for the names of few men and women of letters of the time are absent from the chronicle.

Collections of English poetry used to give a separate section to poems of "the domestic affections." The home was one of the sources of poetry, next only to nature, and the popularity of many poets in England of the nineteenth century, from Mrs. Hemans to Longfellow, was based upon its appeal. The future will find it difficult to understand this feeling in the light of revelations concerning the Victorian home which we owe to Butler, Bennett, Shaw and Wells, but it will be aided by such accounts as we find in Mr. E. F. Benson's "Our Family Affairs," and in the present memoir. It would be difficult to say whether domestic or religious feeling was the deeper emotion in Alice Meynell's life, but the former necessarily takes the larger share of the record. And it is a pure joy to read of the family of which she was the indwelling spirit—of the gaiety and tenderness which animated and consoled by turns its members. Into this home came Francis Thompson, derelict poet and laudanum addict, and for what it gave him English poetry will always be the debtor to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, and to Monica. To Alice Meynell the home was the first source of the knowledge of life, the wisdom which inspires her essays, and of the sense of beauty in simple human relations which is so often the theme of her poetry.

The home was the center of emotion for Alice Meynell, and from it went forth the response which she gave to so many who were moved to love her only this side of passion. It was a response quickened by religious sympathy in the case of Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson, by intellectual excitement in the case of Ruskin and George Meredith. Toward these lovers the Victorian lady bore herself with a mixture of playfulness, compassion and dignity. For her the relation seems to have been complete, but for the others how much it lacked of consummation! Coventry Patmore was eaten by jealousy and came no more to see her. Toward him she expressed a feeling of compunction. "All my troubles are little, old, foolish, trivial, as they always were—the troubles of my spiritual life, I mean. But as to sorrow, the failure of love to those that loved me can never be cancelled or undone. So I never fail in a provision of grief for any night of my life." For Francis Thompson her feeling must have been somewhat that of a mother for an erring and misunderstood son; but "Love in Dian's Lap" reveals on the part of the poet something more passionate, if subiimated.

Upon George Meredith the spell was laid heavily, and his admiration seems to have meant more to her than that of any other. It was with innocent pride and a touch of humor that she wrote to her mother after his death:

> I feel the loss of George Meredith is a very great one. . . . No one knew him as I did. He told me that I could have made him what he should have been, and what he could not be without me. He calculated whether there had been a time when he was a widower and I unmarried when we might have met. A retrospective offer!

The present memoir says little of Alice Meynell's religious life, but the reader feels her adherence to the Catholic Church constantly in the background. For one thing, it determined for herself and her husband the immediate circumstances of their active lives—they were workers on Catholic journals. They stood also on the borders of that exclusive region of social distinction which was, as W. H.

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Mallock has pointed out, the appanage of the great Catholic families. Religion was a wholesome element in their home. One feels how much the Meynell children profited by the dignity of their faith in contrast to the vulgar evangelicalism in which Samuel Butler was brought up. Alice Meynell's Catholicism was of the English rather than the Italian type, chaste and decorous, not garish and ecstatic, "a pure religion breathing household laws." It is noteworthy that she shared with other simple, healthy and honest English people a distrust of the intellectual subtlety and spiritual sanctity of Cardinal Newman. As poet she will not rank him above sixth rate; and as for the famous Ambrose St. John passage in the epilogue to the "Apologia," she refers to it in the harshest judgment which falls from her pen, as "a solemn parody of the comic pages of 'The Egoist.'" One of the few religious quotations from her letters doubtless expresses her consistent attitude, an eminently practical one.

> I saw, when I was very young, that a guide in morals was even more necessary than a guide in faith. It was for this I joined the Church. Other Christian societies may legislate, but the Church *administers* legislation. Thus she is practically indispensable. I may say that I hold the administration of morals to be of such vital importance that for its sake I accepted, and now accept, dogma in matters of faith—to the last letter.

One is reluctant to turn away from a volume full of a personality so winning, and a life so fragrant, in an age which she makes beautiful by her presence. The numerous portraits of Alice Meynell remind us, in their upholstered curves and flower-crowned chignons, that she was a Victorian—but how much the best of them all! And how strange to read the expression of this feeling on the part of her contemporaries in a language of appreciation, which reminds one of the Renaissance compliments to Vittoria Colonna or Beatrice d'Este! She charmed them, and they adored her as the woman in whom the virtues of the age reached their finest flowering, free from the defects of their excess. Her exact sense of values gave her this fine balance, saved her from pretentiousness and overemphasis, kept her alike so strenuous and so gay, so austere and so tolerant, so much a part of the world and so unspotted by it.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Best Side of British India

The India We Served, by Sir Walter Lawrence. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 318 pages. $5.

An Indian Commentary, by G. T. Garratt. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 335 pages. $2.75.

HOW is it that the British have been able to maintain their unique position, and their extraordinary system, in India? To this question, which is asked by every thoughtful western visitor to the Orient, the die-hard imperialist can think of only one answer, the answer recently given by the most absurd member of the Baldwin Cabinet —namely, that Britain holds India still, and can only continue to hold it, by power of the sword. But that, of course, is no sort of explanation in these days, for it is unimaginable that Britain could ever fight for the retention or reconquest of India. We should come a good deal nearer to a tolerable reply if we were to say that the continuance of British rule, after the great upheaval of the Mutiny in 1857, was made possible only by the personnel of the civil service: that is, by the presence, in the administration, of certain Englishmen whose character and conduct upheld the legend of British justice, fineness, and sympathy. In every generation since the beginnings of the British dominion such men have gone out and done their work. Without them modern India would not have been possible.

To this invaluable company belongs, as we may all gladly agree, the author of "The India We Served." When I first came across him, more than a quarter of a century ago, he was private secretary to Lord Curzon and keeper of that curious Viceroy's conscience. But although he gave unstinted service to Curzon, and had an almost unbounded admiration for him, Sir Walter Lawrence was more properly related to an easier and pleasanter epoch. He went to India as a very young and simple civil officer in 1879, and he enjoyed some twelve years of work and play in that older India which, for any young administrator who delighted, as Lawrence did, in the land and the people, provided a sphere of work unsurpassed in the world for variety and stimulus.

Lawrence lost his heart to Kashmir, where he did a spell of pioneer work as an official in charge of land survey and assessment. Thereafter he was in Rajputana—that is, in the heart of romantic medieval India, in court and camp, among social conditions and ideas which, forty years ago, seemed hardly to have been touched by the governing machine of the British *Raj* or by any influences from Europe. In Kashmir Sir Walter Lawrence worked under a Maharaja's council of state, and he has no complaint to make. From his own experience he does not understand why a European should object to working under Indian authority. He is full of delightful reminiscence of the Kashmiri people, and of fascinating stories of the Rajputs, their princes and social customs. Nothing in the world, he assures us, can be finer than the manners of an Indian gentleman at their best, while he is cordial in his appreciation of Indian character and ways:

> The Hindus are frugal, good to their young and their old folk; they are industrious breadwinners, loyal and devoted to their homes. They are very patient and law-abiding, very obedient to authority when it is apparent and present.

Indian public affairs are always and necessarily controversial; but it is only within recent years that the bitterness of controversy has touched the life of the people on all sides. That is one reason why the American reader, like the English, may be grateful to Sir Walter Lawrence. His is the most agreeable book of Indian reminiscence, the most just and cordial, the most enjoyable to read, that I have met with for years. And it is the fruit of twenty-one years of life in India, and of long-continued personal contact with Indians in India and Europe: not a traveler's tale, but a vivid life's experience.

As Sir Walter Lawrence is a fine specimen of the old and almost vanished India, so Mr. Garratt belongs to the best of those who have official knowledge of the new, with all its complex difficulties. He has been in the civil service, but has come out of it, with a liberal outlook and a strong sense of the new hard thinking that will have to be done, if disaster is to be averted. In "An Indian Commentary" (the title does no sort of justice to the book) he gives a compressed account of the Indian social structure, of the caste system in the present process of rapid

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change, of the village economy and the new spread of industrialism, together with a clear summary of Gandhi and the *Swaraj* movement. One is often asked to recommend a short and trustworthy book that a Westerner can read with the assurance of getting an outline of the essential things of India and the problem of tomorrow. Here it is: Mr. Garratt's is exactly the book we have been wanting.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

Poetry and Mathematics

Poetry and Mathematics, by Scott Buchanan. New York: John Day Company. 197 pages. $2.50.

IN THE English department of a certain middle-western university there was a lecturer on prose style who conducted his course with an air of great circumspection and mystery. Twice a week he would read aloud, his thin body shaking with the music of his own voice, choice paragraphs from Ruskin, De Quincey, Addison and Sir Thomas Browne. He avoided direct comment upon the subject of his selections and made but one requirement of the undergraduates who dutifully slept through his lecture-hour for years on end. At the close of the term, completing his course, each undergraduate was expected to submit him a note-book filled with specific mathematical data. This was a computation of the number of nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs and prepositions to be found in any sentence, paragraph or page written by his favorite masters of prose style. This operation was supplemented by sub-classifications in which the frequent use of certain words was noted, and gravely tabulated. From these and similar calculations, it was possible to think of the man as one intent upon organizing a cosmos of prose patterns that originated by a process of simple addition and then by a series of subtle relationships leaped, head on, into differential calculus.

Academically speaking, all this was good, clean fun. And to this particular form of amusement, Dr. Buchanan adds his own little thesis on poetry and mathematics. Arbitrarily he translates the jargon of mathematics into terms of literary jargon; then deftly, with the skill of a lightweight champion dancing around the ring, reverses his procedure. He opens his attack by showing the relationship of an episode in "Alice in Wonderland" to the Pythagorean theorem as demonstrated by Euclid. Here is a shining example, the more so because it is common knowledge that Lewis Carroll playfully conceived the interior design of "Alice" as an elaborate parody of mathematical behavior.

However, Dr. Buchanan does not stop here; he manfully thrusts his argument forward into algebra, insisting upon a relationship of numbers and their classification as ordinals and cardinals to the development of an epic or a novel. Roughly, the characters in a novel correspond to cardinal numbers and their actions to ordinal numbers. At this point, Dr. Buchanan, lightweight champion, is in trouble; the strain is beginning to tell, but his footwork is rapid as ever.

Following this step, Dr. Buchanan tackles a redefinition of poetic analogy in terms of mathematical proportion, and at once he sets out after bigger game. He shows us that speculation is the real purpose behind pure mathematics and that speculation as to human motives is the business of literature. Here we have the *ratio* of mathematics and the *analogy* of poetry traveling along side by side. For the moment we are made to see that the human mind working at its best (*i. e.*, in poetry and mathematics) goes through similar functions. The symbols employed are necessarily different, but the main lines of action are the same.

Granting this similarity, we can admit Euclid and Sophocles into a world of like dimensions, just as we are forced to admit the valid existence of James Joyce and Einstein. Here there is room for the application of dynamic symmetry to the graphic arts and the better schools of architecture.

In conclusion, Dr. Buchanan indicates that he would be pleased to see his thesis serving as an introduction to one of the greatest poems of all time, "De Rerum Natura." In a word, poetry and mathematics are merely stalking horses used to capture in one brilliant foray the infinite variety of human experience.

HORACE GREGORY.

"O City, Cities!"

O City, Cities! by R. Ellsworth Larsson. New York: Payson and Clarke. 104 pages. $2.50.

A STUDY of contemporary poetry, especially that which falls into what we now choose to call very modern verse, is more an inquiry into personalities and human nature than one of structure. Not that the two necessarily need be divided, for the converse is true. At their highest creative points, personality and technique are always one. This appears to me to be the only way of approaching the volume of verse, "O City, Cities!" by R. Ellsworth Larsson. He is an imagist, a nostalgic imagist, and all that he has jotted down, as he has wandered from one Continental city to another, seems hesitant, tentative, as though he were waiting for one of those "unpredictable crystallizations" which come to the most mature of poets so rarely and which have not yet come to him. Of all moods and dispositions nostalgia is the most attenuated, for when it is formulated and arranged into beautiful words its paucity is more telling.

> Chicago Carthage
> London
> Rome—
> the drains
> reiterate the names of places
> names
> and dates
> that fill the mind to overflowing
> with regrets regrets and regrets

He moves on, all the tonal bleakness still in his bones.

> Bruxelles is:
> a night in midwinter—and a wind
> that screams along the boulevards
> like shattered women
> fleeing a bombarded town:

And in a less happy imagist's mood he formulates

> Bruges:
> Here
> the middle ages
> stumbled and were lost—

Mr. Larsson is a left-bank poet, and as such, no mean one. He is often extremely engaging, not as much so as Emanuel Carnevali, who has appeared frequently in Harriet Monroe's periodical in Chicago and in This Quarter published in France, more interesting than Mr. Dudley Fitts, whose verse has appeared in The Criterion and in

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Hound and Horn. In Mr. Fitts' poetry there is often considerable technical ability, but no years; for like the philosophic Wordsworth, he first builds his house, but, unlike him, he then inhabits it with other people's emotions.

What Matthew Arnold said of the Romantic Movement is still apt of our own poets: they do not know enough. Their verse is like a beautiful mask without lines—lines that have not been inscribed there around the eyes and the mouth by the years. This is the limitation of our own American Romantic Movement, and at present this is also Mr. Larsson's. What he will do tomorrow has to do with the mystery of personality, has to do with what he will become, for in his "O City, Cities!" he has endeavored to arrange for himself and for us what he is.

EDWARD DAHLBERG.

Civilized Savages

Are We Civilized? by R. H. Lowie. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 306 pages. $3.

"IN this book on human civilization I have tried to be both accurate and popular." Professor Lowie opens the preface to "Are We Civilized?" with this explicit definition of his intentions; and speaking broadly it seems fair to say that he has succeeded in fulfilling them. To make the book popular he has adopted the usual devices—brevity, extreme simplicity, the omission of all documentation, and the customary tone of liveliness—and they will probably succeed in this case to the same extent as in others. As for accuracy, although as should be expected there are probably no errors in specific detail, there is a tendency, at times approaching inaccuracy, to place opinion or speculative theory on a par with established fact. To mention only two out of several instances, Professor Lowie insists, with great assurance, that the esthetic impulse in man is an ultimate and fundamental fact, while the majority of leading anthropologists both here and abroad incline to a contrary theory; and in another context he remarks with equal assurance that woman was the inventor of agriculture, though there is not a particle of positive evidence on the matter. In neither case does he mention, or at any rate treat justly, the alternative theories.

With the exception of a few such cases as these, however, Professor Lowie succeeds in giving a picture of primitive mentality and culture that is reasonably accurate and at the same time likely to be popular. But his book contracts to do more than this: in his title he virtually promises to show that we are not civilized; and our first interest on opening the book is to see how he does it. As a matter of strict and pedantic accuracy, no explicit answer is offered to the question, "Are we civilized?" Professor Lowie does, of course, devote some space to pointing out the savageries and stupidities of our contemporary world; but by far the greater part of his discussion is given to signalizing the persistence of primitive ways of thought into ancient and medieval and sub-recent Europe. Moreover, almost invariably the material under investigation is measured by standards of twentieth-century accomplishment or of twentieth-century ideals, so that in a sense the answer to the eponymous question is unconsciously Yes. The question which Professor Lowie really sets out to answer is not "Are we civilized?" but "Are we different, mentally and emotionally, from savages?" And if to the first the answer Yes is implied, to the second the answer is explicitly and very definitely No: with a brevity that often overlooks difficulties, but with an understanding that is usually sound and often entertaining, Professor Lowie scans the varied fields of human culture, from crafts and industries to sexual, religious, and political institutions; and evaluating always the intelligence that has produced them in savage and barbarous or civilized communities, he develops the not unfamiliar theory that modern civilized man is biologically a savage. "In putting ideas together from different compartments the European was as much of a dullard as the savage." And today "he is biologically what he was 20,000 years ago. His brain is not a whit better than the Pleistocene reindeer-hunter's. His science has been a by-product of adaptation to Nature." His means of travel (*e. g.*) "are infinitely superior to the savage's. But they became such by the same devious routes and against the same sort of mental sloth that characterize the whole story of human progress." Professor Lowie makes his case very strong, and if anything is still needed to discountenance either M. Levy-Bruhl and his "prelogical" school, or scattered misinformed laymen, this book should do it.

S. L. MELLEN.

The Unmaking of a Militarist

Golden Pilgrimage, by Bayard Schindel. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IN "Golden Pilgrimage," Mr. Bayard Schindel has recreated, from personal experience, the impressions of the War that were received while it was taking place, in the mind of an enthusiastic young boy who had been born and bred in the regular army. Peter, the hero of the book, was the descendant of generations of officers; the traditions of West Point had been his earliest food. In 1904, when the story begins, Peter was seven, and his father a captain attached to the War College in Washington. Peter's favorite companions were the German staff officers who came to visit his father; the only toys that delighted him the toy soldiers with which he worked out tactical problems and the only career that promised any glamor that of an officer like his father. As you may see, he was the stuff that fighters are made of.

From this romantic beginning, Mr. Schindel traces Peter's gradual disillusionment with modern warfare. As his father rose, in the next four years, from captain to Brigadier-General, Peter was shifted from the atmosphere of the War College to an infantry post in Texas, from there to a training camp in Arkansas, and finally to his father's brigade at Camp Meade. He learned much about the War that was going on from the men in barracks, the reports that trickled through his father, and an adventure of his own that almost proved fatal to one of his father's officers. What he learned was a disappointment to him. War was no longer an affair of honorable rules, as he had played it with his toy soldiers; much less the gallant enterprise he had read about in Froissart. His golden pilgrimage flickered out in a picture of men in mud-colored uniforms, deprived of initiative and maneuvered like machines. War had degenerated, and Peter's conclusion was, "It ain't natural."

Mr. Schindel's book is remarkable among first novels for its ease of style and its clear picture of a boy's feelings. There are dialogues with French officers and Jewish refugees that are a bit too clearly staged to bring out the author's point; but the conversations of non-coms and privates, ranging from politics to tapeworms, are salty, and reminiscent of the days of khaki and dust.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

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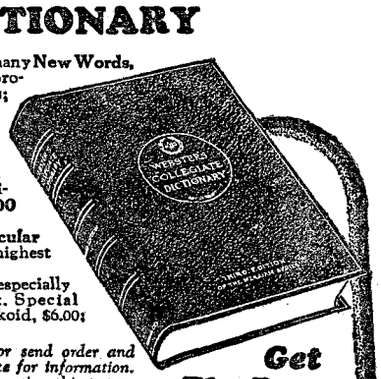

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Notes on Novels

American Colony, by Charles Brackett. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

THIS book is poisonous, but only as a mosquito bite is poisonous. If you take it too seriously, its irritation may linger, but the itching will subside in a day or two. Such books, like mosquitoes, are among the penalties of a summer vacation. At a nameless resort on the Riviera, a little group of Americans are trying to be cosmopolitan. Jack is a combination of prig and cad; Eve, his wife, is a show-off; Sydney is a pervert; Cliff Smith is something worse; Nancy Scott is a softie; Ted is a rounder who won't grow up. Mr. Brackett has succeeded in making us despise these creatures, and in preventing us from feeling sorry for them: he has succeeded to such an extent that when he introduces somebody he apparently wants us to like, such as the impossibly sweet and trusting Nancy Scott, we have become fool-proof. It is rumored that some (or even all) of Mr. Brackett's victims are drawn from his acquaintance. Be that as it may, there is not a real person in this book.

Don't Call Me Clever, by Lawrence Drake. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

MANY an author could learn something from the story of Balak, whom Balaam so sadly disappointed when he blessed the wrong party, and, not content with one misplay, proceeded to curse the other. In "Don't Call Me Clever," Mr. Drake holds up two brothers for our inspection: Nathan, the younger, is educated, bitter, poor and intelligent; Albert (*né* Abraham) is prosperous, venal, ignorant and crafty. The implication is plain that we should admire Nathan and despise Albert. No, that is not quite fair: Albert is so cunningly created that the author must have known we could not altogether despise him. But Nathan (and this is certainly not the author's intention) is a flop. In Albert, his emotional whirlwinds, his terrifically complex dishonesties, his irritating loveableness, Mr. Drake has given us a character worth a dozen Nathans, with his cold egotistical despairs, his mental posturing and his tortured snobbery. We are glad to bid goodbye to this Jew whose hatred of Jewishness is stronger in him than any human love; but that fat Albert, that scoundrel, that india-rubber rogue, has brought to our eyes the moistness of delight, vexation and sympathy.

The Rebels, by Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Huntley Paterson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS tale of the early *Risorgimento* period in northern Italy begins with an incest and ends with a murder. But it is not essentially a violent story. Like "The Devil," it is a melodrama of psychology. Guerra, the Florentine agent of the powerful secret party which is agitating for the liberation of Italy, is the beloved of three women—the ageing Checca, the princess Maria Corleone, and his own sister, Madda. What his relations are with these last two is never made very clear, and this central mystification is the principal (though perhaps necessary) weakness of the book. But what the story lacks in the intensity of its essential theme is almost compensated for by the ingenuities of the complicated plot, and by that air of overshadowing conspiracy which Herr Neumann knows so well how to create.

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Written on Water, by Francis de Miomandre. Translated by William A. Drake. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.

THOUGH almost as neatly tied up as his "Orientale," this latest translation of M. de Miomandre's work contains more surprises. For one thing, it is the story of first love's disillusion: this is a theme which never fails to surprise everybody. The hero is a very young man who wishes to live a sumptuous and sensuous life. Unfortunately, his father is a half-crazy promoter of completely crazy schemes, and the family's accounts are always in the red. The boy falls in love with a beautiful woman whom he sees in a perfume shop; goes to his first ball and meets her again; she promises to be his; when he has finally managed to arrange a satisfactory rendezvous he finds her in the arms of an older and uglier man. But the author is too clever to end the story there: a final *bouleversement* completes the young man's sentimental education. The story is saved from slightness by the unlikely but appealing figures of the mercurial father and his decrepit, philosophic old friend. The tone is politely resigned, touchingly ironic, charmingly sensible—in a word, French.

Nerinda, by Norman Douglas. New York: The John Day Company. $2.

THIS story (hardly more than a long short story) was first published in 1901, anonymously, and its authorship has only now been publicly acknowledge by Norman Doulglas. "Nerinda" deals, "in literary fashion, with a case of primary madness." It is written in the form of a diary, supposed to have been kept by an Englishman of literary tastes who, threatened with a nervous breakdown, has come to Italy for a rest, accompanied by his sister. They move from one place to another, seeking the absolute quiet that is necessary for him, and finally settle in a little villa near Pompeii. On a visit to the museum there, the incipient madman falls in love with a plaster figure, reconstructed from the body of a girl who had perished in the destruction of the city. From this point on, his disintegration is rapid. The story, both in manner and subject, seem now very much out-of-date; but it was written, Mr. Douglas tells us in a supplementary note, not only to please himself but to lay the ghost of an actual experience. Altogether it is a slight though well managed production, and will not be of much interest to any but Mr. Douglas's devoted admirers.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

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